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PIETRO NENNI: Italy and E.D.C.

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Talking Terms With The Kikuyu

To reject the dominant Settlers' view of the difficulties which are tormenting Kenya is not, as many Settlers unhappily assume, to withhold from them sympathy and understanding. We appreciate, for instance, their objections to the military talks with General China, and the honourable motives which prompt some of those objections. But to understand is still not to agree. After eighteen months of fighting, there is no real sign that the strength of Mau Mau has been broken, despite recent military successes in the field. Indeed, these very successes emphasise that it is possible to inflict heavy casualties and still not destroy the gangs. The complex of emotions and pressures (including, no doubt, terrorism and blackmail), which has made so many Kikuyu take the Mau Mau oath, remains sufficient to make good the losses which the gangs have suffered. What at the beginning of the emergency was the Settlers' avowed policy—that the Kikuyu should be made more frightened of the Europeans than of the Mau Mau—has failed. It follows that the longer the fighting goes on, the more it will tend to resemble less a civil war than a national war between the Kikuyu and the Whites

The "loyal Kuke," who probably shares much of the White man's resentment about treating with General China and his colleagues, nevertheless shares also the legitimate political aspirations which, in unholy alliance with an atavistic barbarism, have fostered support for Mau Mau.

We therefore agree with General Erskine that, as a first stage in rebuilding the life of Kenya, the fighting must be ended; and we agree too that, despite the obvious procedural difficulties (for example, is General China, already convicted of murder, a criminal or a P.o.W.?), this end cannot be achieved unless the military authority in Kenya is prepared to parley with the rebel leaders.

But there is another difficulty more fundamental than that of the criminal status of the Mau Mau leaders; and this one, we believe, has not been adequately considered by the Settlers. If General Erskine is really to launch a psychological campaign against the gangs, what offer is he to make them? To promise safety to a handful of leaders, so that while they may themselves be kept in captivity, their followers remain behind to take orders from new, perhaps more ambitious, leaders, is not a promising line of action. Somehow the mass of Kikuyu must be converted to a belief that there is a better way than murder. To make the same offer to every Mau Mau gangster, without at the same time taking steps at least to begin a settlement of the legitimate grievances of the Kikuyu, is merely to invite the Mau Mau to filter back into the Reserve on their own terms. It is to throw away such military success as has so far been achieved.

If it is to be worth talking terms with General China and those of his comrades who will follow his lead, the terms must include sufficient concessions to the real grievances of the African population to prevent the virus of Mau Mau spreading to other tribes and territories, and to demonstrate—no less to the "loyal Kuke" than to General China—that progress is possible without a reversion to barbarism.

The Constitutional Changes

The constitutional changes announced by Mr. Lyttelton this week do not aim at this objective. Their first purpose is to satisfy, in some measure, the insistent Settlers' demand for a direct share in the administration of the Colony. The only novelty in the new War Cabinet is that a Settler (perhaps Mr. Blundell) is to sit with the Governor, Deputy Governor, and the Commander-in-Chief. On the new Executive Council it is suggested

SPRING BOOKS NUMBER

that there shall be six official members, two nominated members, and six unofficial members, including two Asians and one African. The first novelty here is that members of the Executive may also be on the Legco—in sharp contrast to past practice, in which members of the Governing Council were, in effect, civil servants. The second novelty—that two portfolios go to Asians and one to an African—is a triumph for Mr. Blundell's diplomacy. Mr. Lyttelton speaks of this Council as exercising a collective responsibility for the Government's decisions. But to whom will it be responsible? In the absence of a "common roll," which would represent, in whatever meagre proportions, educated Asians and Africans, this Cabinet will be responsible only to a few thousand settlers, and the Asians and Africans, being answerable to no electorate, can only, in effect, be stooges, even if they are offered portfolios.

Commercialised TV

Emanating from a Government which professes belief in the virtues of free enterprise, the Television Bill is a strange hybrid. For ten years (or longer, if Parliament so decides) a so-called Independent Authority is to run stations and studios and provide "additional" TV services. Apart from temporary borrowing powers, its revenue are to be (*a*) a State grant of £750,000 annually, and (*b*) income from sale of advertising time. The programmes will be supplied mainly (it is hoped) by "contractors"; but they may be supplemented by sustaining features inserted by the Authority's own staff.

The "contractors" will have to live up to exacting official requirements. The programmes must be "predominantly British" in style and tone, must not offend against "good taste," and must maintain high quality and "proper balance," coupled with accuracy and impartiality, in presentation of any news broadcast. Further, they must eschew (i) any religious matter not approved by the Authority's Religious Advisory Committee, (ii) any partiality in matters of political or industrial controversy, (iii) any item (other than uncut B.B.C. matter relayed) which might serve the interests of any political Party. Finally, to make doubly sure of conformity, not merely has the P.M.G. an over-riding veto, but all programmes are to be censored *in advance* by the Authority.

As for the advertisements, time may not be sold to any religious or political body, to any party to an industrial dispute, or to any concern whose goods or services fail to win the P.M.G.'s approval. No indication may be given that any particular programme, in whole or part, is financed by an advertiser; and the Authority and the P.M.G. between them must ensure that advertising time is not so substantial as to detract from a programme's value, that advertisements are inserted only in "breaks," and that a minimum "distance" is imposed between particular programme items and ensuing "sales talk." This Bill, with its multiplication of safeguards, gets the worst of all worlds. It is hard to believe that it is not intended to fail. The Government seems to have been sold a pup by the advertising lobby among its supporters.

Rebuke to Senator McCarthy

While Senator McCarthy seems quite unruffled by the storm that has raged around him for the past two weeks, there are signs at last of a healthy reaction. Mr. Stevenson's speech in Florida last Saturday was not only the opening shot in the Democrat's 1954 campaign. Coming after the President's ineffectual rebuke to McCarthy, it was also a strong and justifiable attack on the "impotence" of the Administration, which would have had the backing of all but "a tiny and deluded minority" if the President had vigorously repudiated the "demagogues." The White House would undoubtedly have had the support of every responsible newspaper—for even the *Chicago Tribune* had accused McCarthy of going too far—while the telegrams that are pouring into Washington seem to be running about nine to one against the Senator. The strong public reaction, indeed, seems to have given the radio networks courage to say "No" to McCarthy's request for free time to answer Mr. Stevenson—a request they did not refuse when Mr. Truman attacked the Senator at the time of the Harry Dexter White furore—and have instead given the usual facilities for a "party" reply to Vice-President Nixon.

It is too soon, however, to judge whether McCarthy has suffered any serious damage in this noisy engagement. His motto, taken from a famous American admiral, seems to be "Full speed ahead, and damn the torpedoes." He has a flair for picking what he wants out of his critics' ammunition locker and turning it to his own use; he was glad, he commented on the President's rebuke, that Mr. Eisenhower was "now" in agreement with him about the need to get rid of Communists. Even Secretary of Defence Wilson, defending the Army, conceded much of McCarthy's case when he said that the Army's loyalty problem would be simplified if the Communist Party were made illegal. Here, in fact, is the vital issue for those who oppose McCarthy. While they beat the anti-Communist drum, McCarthy will be drum-major.

Waiting for an Egyptian Constitution

It looks as if the military regime in Cairo will just survive the explosion which it set off by its own tragi-comic internal dissensions. With General Neguib's personal position enormously strengthened and the Junta publicly committed to wind up its extra-constitutional rule, the immediate danger of a collapse of organised government has been averted. Both the Moslem Brotherhood and the Wafd are now likely to hold their hand and see what form the return to constitutionalism will take. Will the secret organisation of officers, which is the Junta's real strength, be dissolved? Will Colonel Nasser and some of his colleagues turn civilian and concentrate for the present on building up the Liberation Front, in order to win control of the proposed constituent assembly? This seems the most likely development; and if it happens, Colonel Nasser's political future will depend almost entirely on the negotiations with Britain. Informal talks are, apparently, about to be resumed by Mr. Eden despite the stifled protests of the Tory rebels. If those talks go well and the British evacuation actually begins before the election campaign, the Revolutionary Council may well survive in a new constitutional form. On the other hand, another deadlock would certainly mean the return of the old politicians to power and a revival of the irresponsible intransigence which ruled out any agreement prior to the army *coup d'etat*. Unless he views that prospect with equanimity Mr. Eden has no time to lose.

Mr. Dulles at Caracas

Apart from the spokesman of the Dominican dictatorship, Mr. Dulles found little support among the delegates to the Inter-American Conference at Caracas for his anti-Communist crusade in Latin America. He had originally suggested that the Rio Agreement of 1947, providing for common action against aggression, should be extended to permit "intervention" against countries, e.g., Guatemala, passing under Red control. To this the Guatemalan Foreign Minister, Sr. Toriello, replied that the U.S. was trying to export McCarthyism to Latin America. Rather to everyone's surprise, the majority of delegates backed Sr. Toriello, and Mr. Dulles has had to be content with some vague resolutions which condemn Communism and provide for an exchange of information on Communist activities. Mr. Dulles was not even able to rally the dictatorships of Colombia, Peru and Venezuela, despite their dependence upon financial and military backing from the U.S., and despite the omission—presumably a tactful gesture towards the ten countries which suppress civil liberties—of phrases commending "freedom" and "democracy" from his speeches attacking Communism.

Adulteration of Food

The Government is to be commended for its recent decision to accept a recommendation from Professor Zuckerman's working party that a Committee should be set up to advise departments "on problems relating to risks to consumers arising from the use of toxic substances in agricultural products and the storage of food." The problem is aggravated by the fact that much of the food we eat derives from countries over whose farming practices we have no control and often little knowledge. The best answer is an international exchange of information, coupled with the gradual establishment of standard practices. This would, no doubt, be effective in coping with the more direct risks—such as the danger of human ill-effects from D.D.T. The difficulty, however, would still remain that many residual effects are difficult to trace: what may be an innocent enough practice for the producer may have concealed dangers for the consumer. Animal tests do not provide, of themselves, complete evidence. When Sir Edward Mellanby demonstrated in 1946 that bread "improved" by chemical agene produced fits in dogs, observation of humans revealed no such clinical effects, though the suspicion was sufficient to discourage the use of agene. In the light of modern farming and storage practice, there must be some protection against toxic innovations; and the best rule is that they should be presumed guilty until they can be proved innocent.

Police Questioning

"When the ordinary citizen stands alone in a police station," said the Lord Justice-General in the Scottish Court of Criminal Appeal last Friday, "confronted by police officers, usually some of high rank, the dice are loaded against him, especially as he knows there is no one to corroborate him as to what exactly occurred during the interrogation." The Court was giving its reasons for allowing an appeal against a murder conviction by a sixteen-year-old boy whose trial had been prejudiced by the behaviour of the police when he was questioned. It is only the ignorant who are questioned at all at police stations. It is now forty-two years since the judges of the English High Court laid down rules about statements made by people in police custody, and they absolutely forbid all questioning (without a proper caution) "except for the purpose of removing ambiguity" in what the deponent is saying—for example, whether he means 3 a.m. or 3 p.m. The questioning of a man who is *not* in custody must stop when the questioner decides that the man must be arrested. But there is a simple way round both these obstacles: get your man to the police station without arresting him. If he is not particularly intelligent he won't know the difference, whether he is taken there in a police car with everyone talking amiably, or is induced to go there under his own steam by appeals for his "help." If he is intelligent, he will decline in any case to speak until a solicitor is there. But the vast majority of people thus interviewed are not particularly intelligent.

CARDIFF

Labour and Wales

A Welsh Correspondent writes: The Labour Party's decision to oppose the Parliament for Wales Campaign, while expected, has disappointed many Welsh Socialists. Few disagree with the Party's statement that "Welsh economic and social problems cannot be isolated from those of the United Kingdom as a whole," but most had hoped that the campaign for a Welsh Parliament would have led the Party at least to propose a Secretary of State. A Welsh Socialist view was put to me at Rhyl by an ex-parliamentary candidate in the very Welsh North. "In the North here," he said, "we've never supported the Nationalist Party. But this Parliament Campaign is different. It is reasonable. The strength of Welsh culture and the wealth of the country entitle us to a greater measure of self-government. We all know the Labour Party sets its face against decentralisation; but when you consider the sacrifices of Socialist principle they made when they were in office, it wouldn't cost much to make a sacrifice like this." Popular though this view is, genuine or habitual Socialists are not likely to vote against the Party because of its Welsh policy; and the industrial constituencies will remain as safe as ever. In the countryside votes are likely to be lost, especially if the Conservatives decide to sponsor a Welsh Office. It is significant that the M.P.s who have supported the Parliament for Wales Campaign represent mainly rural constituencies. The Labour Party decision is, of course, a blow to even moderate nationalism. But there remains among Welsh-speaking Welshmen a pronounced optimism that a Secretary of State will come in time.

PARIS

The Markos Hypothesis

Our Paris Correspondent writes: Although the Geneva Conference is still six weeks away, Indo-China continues to dominate the political scene in Paris. The return of M. Pleven from Saigon, the Assembly debate on the Nehru proposal and the opening of new negotiations with the Vietnamese Government have all heightened the fever of speculation which the announcement of the Conference aroused. As yet there are few concrete indications of the Government's real intentions. M. Laniel's speech last Friday was little more than a clever smokescreen and the full details of M. Pleven's report were divulged only to "safe" Cabinet Ministers (Cabinet leakages are a major characteristic of the Laniel Government). Nevertheless, the situation is much clearer than it was a fortnight ago. Most people—including the Socialists—seem prepared to accept at its face value M. Laniel's declaration that "the case for negotiation is won" and it is now possible to give a general outline of the hypothesis on which the Government is working.

Before Berlin, the official attitude to negotiations was based on the assumption that these would lead, sooner or later, to Viet-Minh control of the whole of Indo-China. During his *tête-à-tête* with M. Bidault at the opening of the Conference, however, Mr. Molotov appears to have indicated that China would be prepared to abandon Ho Chi-Minh on certain conditions. M. Bidault turned down this offer; but he later obtained from Mr. Dulles a promise that the trade embargo on China would be lifted, in return for French agreement to "internationalise" Indo-China at a subsequent conference. The stage was thus set for Geneva in the early days of the Conference; it only remained for Mr. Dulles to pass on the terms of the agreement privately to Mr. Molotov and then for the Far-East conference to be arranged in public session.

Since then, the Government's belief that China is prepared to sacrifice Ho Chi-Minh, as Russia sacrificed Markos in Greece, has been strengthened by Mr. Molotov's speech last Thursday, which appeared to lay down no pre-conditions for an armistice, and by a declaration from Chen Yun, spokesman of the political bureau of the Chinese C.P., that "an era of peace is indispensable for the consolidation of the Chinese revolution." Hence, last Friday, M. Laniel was able both to admit that military victory was no longer possible and, at the same time, to lay down stringent conditions for a cease-fire. These, involving Viet-Minh evacuation of Laos, Cambodia and Southern Viet-Nam, seem to be totally unacceptable to Ho Chi-Minh provided he has China's backing. The fact that M. Laniel took up such a definite position indicates the extent to which the Government has committed itself to the "Markos Hypothesis."

One question remains, however. Granted that Ho Chi-Minh is "sacrificed," who is to fill the political vacuum? M. Pleven returned from Saigon convinced that a reliable Vietnamese army could only be created on something approaching a democratic structure. The prolonged Cabinet crisis in December, the difficulty Prince Buu Loc experienced in getting anyone (except his own relatives) to accept portfolios, together with urgent demands for "reforms" from Washington have undermined what little support Bao Dai had among the Government. It is now generally agreed that his days are numbered, and the explosion which last week stirred the murky political depths of Saigon could provide France with a convenient pretext for sending him back to the Côte d'Azur. In itself, there was nothing new in the ultimatum which the "Movement of National Union for Peace" presented to the Vietnam Government—a similar move last year led to the fall of Nygen Van Tam. But this time there were no raised eyebrows at the Quai d'Orsay. Furthermore, some of those responsible—a motley coalition of Catholics and feudalists—are known to have sponsors in Washington. It is possible, in fact, that this "political crisis" was deliberately timed to prelude the opening of the Franco-Vietnamese talks. In any case, it certainly offers the French Government a brilliant opportunity to arrive at Geneva with the blueprints for a brand-new "democratic" Vietnamese State.

ROME

Hastening Slowly

Our Rome Correspondent writes: Since the formation of Signor Scelba's Centre Coalition, the "lay democratic" press has been unusually docile. *La Giustizia,* normally the organ of the Social-Democratic Left, has toed the more Central line of its Party leader; and *Il Mondo,* the Left-wing Liberal weekly, has moderated its militantly anti-clerical tone. Nevertheless, with Signor Scelba's majority assured, the real political battles continue to be fought outside Parliament. A meeting of Left-wing Social Democrats a fortnight ago carefully qualified their support of the Government; and both the Premier and the Right-wing Demochristian Signor Togni have lately found it necessary to re-affirm their own faith in the Coalition. The pattern of Ministerial meetings suggests that Signor Scelba is having to use some tact to prevent disagreements. Already opinions differ on the question of widening the Government's majority. Signor Saragat last week suggested that he would welcome the votes of the Nenni Socialists; and this was a counter to the "opening to the Right" canvassed by Cathôlic Action. The Monarchists, hoping to draw the sting of the Coalition, have veered between intransigent hostility and vague promises of support: and *Il Quotidiano,* the Catholic-Action mouthpiece, has repeatedly called for a "common front" against Communism. The form that this is intended to take is made clear in controversy over the choice of the five elected judges for the Constitutional Court. The previous election, under Signor Pella, failed since no one candidate gained a three-fifths majority; now, it is mooted that a union of Centre and Right-wing forces should exclude Socialist and Communist candidates altogether. Not unnaturally, this subject has been pushed to a position of low priority on the Government's agenda. In quick response to Marshal Tito's recent mention of the long-debated Yugoslav "corridor," Palazzo Chigi spokesmen have again raised the Trieste issue. Meanwhile, the opponents of E.D.C. continue to distribute posters and handbills: but these, like the fevered Communist exploitation of recent sensational *faits divers,* will do little to shake the Government. Far more significant are five very moderate orders of the day recently concocted by Signor Nenni, and clearly designed for the ears of the Social-Democratic Left. They request electoral reform, stabilisation of the number of Under-Secretaries, democratic use of the police force, reform of agricultural contracts, and the withdrawal of State-owned factories from the employers' Confindustria. This last suggestion is particularly apposite, since the Social-Democratic U.I.L. is still dissatisfied with the modest wage demands now being made by the Demochristian C.I.S.L.; and the sudden immobilisation last week of the Dalmine works in Bergamo, employing 7,000 people, has once more brought the industrial problem to a head.

Delusions of Grandeur

So Britain is to have its own battle fleet of aerial Dreadnoughts! This is the one significant fact which emerged from the debate on the Air Estimates last week. Despite the demonstration staged by a few Socialist back-benchers and carried on into the early hours of the morning, the Government is perseverihg in its intention to build up a force of V-bombers specially designed to atomise European Russia. Both in the capital outlay and in the strategic function they perform, such bombers are "the fleet in being," the modern equivalent of the battleship. They form the ultimate reserve of strength which any nation must have if it is to rate as a first-class military power capable of waging war out of its own resources in this atomic age. At present, only the Americans and the Russians are building them. But we are told that one British research model will be flying in the next twelve months; and in four or five years' time, if the Government has its way, we shall be able in a modest way to enter this particular rearmament race.

What is the military justification for this decision? Air defence, whether active or passive, we are told, will not be able in the foreseeable future to prevent the atomic bomber or the guided missile from getting through. The piston-engined aeroplane carrying high explosive bombs could be defeated by a defence which inflicted casualties of up to 20 per cent. But only two or three H-bombs might be enough to put Britain out of action, and nothing can prevent that number of aircraft getting through. Hence the logical conclusion that the power of atomic retaliation provides the only deterrent and the only defence of these islands against annihilation.

It should be noted, however, that this deterrent is already provided, first by the Atlantic Treaty, which automatically commits America to make war in the event of Russian aggression, and secondly by the presence of the American A-bombers in Norfolk and Germany. To add a few score British V-bombers to the hundreds which the Americans possess will not increase this deterrent appreciably. This is frankly admitted by the protagonists of the new strategic Air Force. Indeed, it was accepted in the debate that a British A-bomb could not conceivably be dropped except in an operation involving the U.S. In a remarkable broadcast on the Third Programme, Sir John Slessor, one-time Chief of the Air Staff, was even more explicit in emphasising that the purpose of the V-bomber is not military at all. After admitting that from a strictly strategic point of view we do not require them he remarked: "If we want to remain a first-class power we cannot possibly leave to an ally, however staunch and loyal, the monopoly of this instrument, of such decisive influence in the issues of war and peace." Sir John Slessor's words were quoted with approval by Labour front-benchers and were unchallenged by Government spokesmen in the debate. We can safely assume, therefore, that the reason for undertaking the colossal expenditure involved is that given by Sir John. The Government feels the need for a strategic Air Force in order to create a British counterpoise within Nato against the preponderance of American air power. Our V-bombers are to be built in order to increase our negotiating strength and to safeguard our independence against the power of the U.S. —and perhaps of a rearmed Germany as well.

If a strategic Air Force would indeed achieve this purpose, we should be the last to begrudge the outlay, however heavy. Independence would be cheaply purchased at the cost of adding a hundred or two millions to the Defence budget. But the more we reflect on the arguments employed by Sir John Slessor the less convincing they appear. Is it seriously suggested that in five years' time the British Foreign Secretary will be able to be tougher in his negotiations with the Americans because they will realise that his words are backed by a British atomic fleet? We can think of a good many more effective ways of decreasing our perilous dependence on the U.S. than by the construction of a strategic Air Force which must always remain diminutive compared with theirs.

The truth is that this decision has very little to do with independence and a great deal to do with traditional imperial pretentions. Apparently a number of politicians still want to delude themselves, even if they cannot delude the rest of the world, into believing that we are still a first-class military power. In fact, of course, we can never again in strategic terms defend these islands alone, and economically we can never compete with either the Russian or the American industrial potential. We can be a neutral or we can be an ally: what we cannot be is a first-class Power on our own account. If we really want to see Britain recognised as one of the Big Three, we can only do this by ruthlessly cutting down the traditional trappings of imperial strength and developing the real power and influence we possess. To squander our scarce manpower and resources on over-developing the aircraft industry for the sake of a few atomic battleships, may give soldiers and politicians a feeling of importance. But it will deceive no informed person, least of all military experts across the Atlantic. Certainly we should develop atomic energy. Certainly we should spend all we can afford on research and development of passive and active aerial defence. But the one form of military extravagance that we should leave to the Soviet Union and the U.S. is the competitive development of strategic air power. They may decide that they can afford this kind of rearmament; we know we cannot. They may even hope to survive the first exchange of atomic bombs which Sir Winston Churchill tells us will inaugurate World War III if it comes. We cannot hope to do so. And it will be little consolation to the survivors on these islands to know that a few British V-bombers have successfully escaped across the Atlantic to continue the war of universal destruction as recruits to the American Air Force.

Test for the Indian Congress

(By a Correspondent)

As a Manchester man is convinced that what Manchester thinks today London will think tomorrow, so a man from Travancore-Cochin believes that what happens in his province in the furthermost southern tip of India will happen tomorrow in Delhi of the faraway Northern Plains. The elections to the Travancore-Cochin State Assembly which began on February 15 and ended on February 26 were followed with excited interest all over India. Here was a test case for Congress and here was a chance for an alliance of Leftist Parties to prove whether it had the masses of the electorate behind it. Congress had emerged from the elections in 1951 as the largest single party with 46 members, but it was never very securely in the saddle and last September the Assembly was dissolved following the defeat of a confidence motion put by the Chief Minister.

The election was vigorously contested. Congress brought down its biggest gun, Prime Minister Nehru. He said that he knew none of the local candidates, but assured his audiences that whatever the results of the election, "India will accept it and everybody will accept it. That is democracy." Opposition candidates hinted at the intervention of yet another big gun, this time the Pope. For in this State of nine million people, about one-quarter of them are Christians, mainly Catholic, and the Catholics were enthusiastically pro-Congress. Opposing the Congress there was a peculiar alliance of Socialists, Communists and the Travancore Tamilnad Congress, a conservative party based on the demand for a Tamil State.

Both sides organised processions, loud speakers, wall posters, flags flying in the tree-tops, cultural festivals; and election agents mobilised their supporters. People were taking this election very seriously. Travancore-Cochin has the highest literacy rate in India and women were among the keenest electors, amounting to nearly half the voters. In all 106 constituencies the poll was heavy, ranging from 60 to 90 per cent. It was heaviest in the industrial towns of the Trichur district where it ran to 90 and 95 per cent.

The final party position was Congress, 45; Communists, 23; Praja Socialists, 19; Revolutionist Socialist Party, 9; Travancore Tamilnad Congress, 12 and Independents, 9. Congress cannot form a stable government. Communists cannot form a government without the Socialists. The Socialists themselves, with a neurotic, Koestlerian hatred of Congress, to which they once belonged, were such political acrobats that they joined with the Communists against Congress, but express themselves as thoroughly anti-Communist and anti-totalitarian. The Tamilnad Nationalists are important numerically and, with the Communists exploiting local nationalisms, they may have a decisive role.

This issue of linguistic States, based on local nationalisms, is important far beyond the frontiers of Travancore-Cochin, and it will be fought out within the next two or three years. In India there are 15 major languages which find expression in literature, education and public life. Hindi, the national language, which in due course is intended to supersede English, is current in the North, but in the South—in Travancore-Cochin, for instance—it is almost a foreign language and certainly far less spoken than English. Twelve of the constituencies in the recent election were Tamil-speaking; and in the rest people spoke Malayalam, and a large proportion of literates spoke English. Inevitably, in the past two or three years, when pressure in official quarters has been exerted on the South to adopt Hindi, people have not

only resisted this northern cultural invasion, but organised formidable campaigns for separate linguistic areas. But any reorganisation of the country must take into account not only linguistic, but economic, geographical, security and administrative factors. In a recent report on administrative reorganisation, admittedly necessary, Nehru and his colleagues underlined this point.

The Congress, of course, was based, in its early days, on language. Gandhi realised that political agitation could succeed only if conducted in the local languages people could understand. These languages were revitalised and poets writing of liberty and nationalism set the countryside aflame. Local patriotisms which were kindled smouldered quietly until the national struggle had been won, and then fanned into emotional activity, began to throw off sparks that threatened a conflagration. Called upon to implement pledges made in the days of struggle, Nehru and his colleagues expressed certain misgivings, but they agreed to take up the case of Andhra Province first. The Andhrans organised a campaign which culminated in one of their leaders fasting to death. In face of the emotion aroused by his martyrdom, an Andhra State has now been carved out of Madras.

Immediately clamour arose from other linguistic and communal groups, such as a section of the Sikhs calling for a Punjabi-speaking State. Sensing danger and playing for time, the Government has just set up a Commission to examine the whole question, laying down as the first essential consideration "the preservation and strengthening of the unity and security of India." In doing so, the Government gave the warning that "India has embarked upon a great ordered plan for her economic, cultural and moral progress. Changes which interfere with the successful prosecution of such a national plan would be harmful to the national interest." The Commission has eighteen months in which to frame its report. Its members are three prominent, experienced, independent personalities; Shri Fazl Ali, who resigned the Governorship of Orissa to become Chairman of the Commission, and as a former judge brings a judicial mind to bear on the deliberations; Dr. H. N. Kunzru, an elder statesman in the Liberal tradition, and now a nominated member of the Council of States (India's Upper House), and Sardar Panikkar, the former Ambassador to Peking and more recently to Cairo.

Meanwhile those who sense danger in a fresh division of the country have formed a National Unity Platform to oppose the linguistic agitation, whilst politicians seeking local kudos, and the Communists, seeing this as another stick with which to beat Congress, are backing it and playing on popular and, it must be admitted, often thoroughly genuine emotion. Many outside the rough and tumble of party struggle assert that danger lies in denying undisputed rights and thus creating frustration and resentment. Government of the people and by the people, they say, must be conducted in the language of the people. The appointment of the Commission was long delayed and all the discipline of Congress organisation will be needed to prevent the rumble of discontent from breaking out into a clamorous insistence on immediate action.

In some areas, as for instance in India's other local election last month, the nationalist community is divided. In the P.E.P.S.U. (Patiala and East Punjab States Union) the Akalis (Sikhs who want their own State) were divided; the Right-wing group won ten seats, the Left-wing group two seats. In this backward, landlord-ridden area, Congress, with the help of the most reactionary forces, won 37 out of the total of 60 seats. But the Communists doubled their representation to four seats.

Indubitably, the next two years, that is, before India's second General Election becomes due, will largely determine how deeply Parliamentary democracy has been accepted. People are beginning to ask whether Congress has lost so much of its earlier dynamic that its plans are implemented much too slowly. The Praja-Socialists, who might have at least become a much-needed "ginger-group," run the risk of losing any influence they once had by succumbing to an anti-Nehru, anti-Congress pathology. By their nature, the Communists need no constructive programme. But they have plenty of scope to attack Congress and exploit local nationalisms by their campaign for separate linguistic States.

THE EAGLE HAS TWO HEADS.

London Diary

I AM always sceptical when the press begins to prophesy a general election in a few months. It is a good working rule that a party which has power, will not go to the country more than a year before it need. On this occasion I shall be particularly surprised if the Prime Minister wants an election. But, all the same, this year may be an exception. There is no doubt that both the Tory and Labour machines are "alerted" for the autumn. The Tory case for thinking the moment good is that Mr. Butler has done much better, by and large, than anyone expected; he has cashed in upon the American boom, but, in doing so, has thrown away our defences against the "recession" which the economists, once again, regard as probable. There may be something in this argument, even if the Tory leaders have as little confidence in the economists' prophecies as I have. More to the point, perhaps, is the fact that the Tories' housing record is electorally popular, and that Mr. Butler's income tax policy and the general prosperity of the better-paid industries has produced a very complacent mood in that very section of the working class to which one usually looks for most Labour enthusiasm.

* * *

Unless I am much mistaken the Tories are holding another useful trump that they hope to play before an election. Labour Ministers made a mistake in allowing the Treasury to persuade them in the period after the war that Britain could not afford to introduce the principle of "equal pay for equal work," or, as the phase now is, "the rate for the job." It should have been done during this revolutionary period in exactly the same spirit as votes were given to women after the first world war. Indeed the comparison is not so far from the mark. Friends who have spoken at recent equal pay rallies say that, although no one has been killed or even carried out struggling in the arms of the law, feminist feeling—not least among men—has run higher than on any other contemporary political issue. There is no more logical case of principle against equal pay than there was against the vote. No one suggests that women doctors or barristers should be paid less well than men for the same work. The only difficulty is that suddenly to give all women civil servants and teachers equal pay would be a serious budgetary strain. Judging from his answers in the House of Commons on Tuesday, Mr. Butler is thinking of acquiring for his party the goodwill of the spinster vote by introducing a first instalment of equal pay—perhaps in some branch of the Civil Service. It will not cost too much and it will give the Tories an advantage which Labour should certainly have won for itself.

* * *

I suppose there are people at Transport House who believe that Labour is weakened by the division on German rearmament, and who are annoyed at the local party resolutions demanding an emergency Labour Conference to discuss the subject. I'm told that there are at least 150 of these—a remarkable figure, in view of the fact that only two weeks have passed since the very close vote in the Parliamentary party, and that many Parties only meet once a month, or even less frequently. Presumably Transport House will say that there is not time to arrange an emergency Conference before the summer recess, or that even if there is, no emergency justifies it. Such replies would be bad official tactics. Labour has nothing to fear from an outbreak of controversy in the trade unions and constituency parties; this is a sign of life. It means that more than the

now customary forty people are likely to turn out for Labour Party meetings, and that a higher percentage of Labour Party voters will go to the polls when there are elections. Labour's danger is the apathy which falls on any progressive party when its leaders seem not sharply distinguished from the Conservatives. Bevan, wise or unwise, has a dynamic quality. Butskellism is safe as a cemetery.

* * *

Senator McCarthy reminds one, in more ways than one, of Mr. Stanley, who was the main witness before the Lynskey tribunal. He has the same technique of bluff and brass. It may get a man a long way, but seldom, I think, all the way. The best example to date is his evasion of Mr. Benton, who, though he lost his Senate seat, had the money and the courage to outface him. People are in danger of forgetting the story—which is what McCarthy intended. We may recall that, as a result of Benton's persistence, a subcommittee of the Senate inquired into McCarthy's past political and financial career. The result was a report which would have ended his career in any democratic country not under the influence of hysteria. Benton repeated these charges in the Senate, and was challenged by McCarthy to repeat them in a non-privileged place. Benton did so on the radio. They amounted to a direct allegation of corrupt practice, and the statement that McCarthy was unfit to be a Senator. McCarthy was compelled, no less than Oscar Wilde when deliberately challenged, to file a libel action. Now, at length, McCarthy has withdrawn his suit on the superb excuse that since his lawyers had been "unable to find anyone who believed Mr. Benton's charges, no damage could thus be proved, and it would be a 'waste' to go to court"! I doubt whether the Big Lie, on this occasion, will be wholly successful. Mr. Benton can safely repeat the charges of dishonesty, and other people, if they have his courage, can also tell the truth.

* * *

I have been reading the report on *The Problem of Homosexuality* which "a small group of Anglican clergy and doctors, with legal advice," has presented to the Church of England Moral Welfare Council. It's an eminently sane and progressive document. I don't understand why it bears the mutually exclusive legends "Private—not for publication" and "Price two shillings and sixpence"; nor, to judge from the publicity it got in the newspapers (half a column, for example, in *The Times*), am I the only recipient of a copy who was similarly puzzled. But it takes up a position so far in advance of the law, and amounts accordingly to so powerful a lead to public thinking on the matter, that the Home Office will hardly be able, this time, to go on statically "considering" the problem until it all dies down once again. The moral attitude of the report is of course unequivocal—"the invert has no right to ask for a wider moral latitude than has his heterosexual brother"; people too readily forget that a homosexual condition cannot absolve a man from responsibility for immoral practices; people speak mistakenly of "the evil of homosexuality" rather than "the evil of homosexual acts." I have two quarrels with this otherwise admirable report. One is that it refuses to discuss the "pervert," whom it dismisses as a normal person who engages in homosexual practices—but who, surely, presents numerically the biggest problem? The other concerns the pessimism of its implied conclusion that inversion is unalterable, as to which the medical evidence is still in conflict. But it is gratifying to find representative churchmen trying at last to face the awkward facts. Someone on this Committee has made the imaginative effort to understand what it must be like to be a genuine invert. How many of us normal people would keep out of trouble if we had to share all the intimacies of life with members of the opposite sex without revealing that we were sexually attracted by them?

* * *

Really, Christianity gets odder and odder! Canon Harman, a well-known Christian pacifist, has been induced by the Bishop of Bath and Wells and the Secretary to the Duchy of Cornwall to give up a living that had been offered to him. The reason is that he is a pacifist, and that, according to the Bishop, might be a matter of unpleasant controversy in the Duchy, even though he is quite prepared to say that he will never again make his Christian and anti-Communist protest at Vienna or any other similar subversive Congress. The Church ought to tell us where it stands. If pacifism is now a dangerous doctrine in the Church, those who want to re-write the Bible should at once be given leave to go ahead. To be consistent, the whole life of Jesus Christ, who is supposed to have personally preferred a sacrificial death to resisting evil, would have to be re-written. We might begin with a few well-known passages which are no doubt an embarrassment to Bishops. For instance, St. Matthew v. 39 will run:

> "But I say unto you, that ye resist evil, and whosoever shall smite thee on thy right cheek, return to him a straight left to the jaw."

And again, Matthew v. 43-4:

> "Ye heard that it hath been said thou shalt love thine enemies. But I say unto you, curse them that curse you; do evil to them that hate you, and drop bombs on those that despitefully use you."

Clearly we need a new Revised Version.

CRITIC

SECURITY

When violence results from insurrection,
When native gangs endanger British lives,
Authorities take measures for protection
And organize annihilating drives.
The citizens as Home Guards volunteer,
The mobile column sweeps the jungle clear,
    Safeguarding goods and lives
    From savages with knives,
But things are very different over here.

In Kenya's and Malaya's troubled areas
Where terrorists hack settlers in the dark,
Where property and life are both precarious,
Attacks do not take place without remark.
The jungle is a death-trap, by report,
The Kenya Highlands are no health resort—
    But thugs haunt Square and Park
    In London after dark,
And is it so much safer at Earl's Court?

Accounts of natives' bestial ferocity
The citizens of London deeply shock,
The Asian and the African atrocity
Occurs when savage tribesmen run amok.
But while in bush and jungle, night and day,
The settlers chase Kikuyu and Malay,
    Cosh-boys of British stock
    Unhindered run amok—
In Kensington the killers get away.

When Colonies are faced with an emergency,
Authorities concert preventive plans,
But violence is not a case for urgency
When faced with London thugs and hooligans.
Nairobi may be called a danger-spot,
The terrorists may make Malaya hot,
    But London has no plans
    For beating hooligans,
And London's the most dangerous of the lot.

SAGITTARIUS

THIS ENGLAND

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Paste entries on a POSTCARD.

A landlord wrote to Chiswick Rent Tribunal that his tenant had agreed not to have children for two years. When the letter was read at the Tribunal today, the chairman, Mr. F. W. Hall, said "This seems difficult to enforce. It is not like the penny-in-the-slot machine.—*Star*. (Virginia Paul.)

Apart from the Balkan countries Britain probably had the most ignorant electorate in the world, said Mr. Raglan Somerset, Q.C., the lawyer and writer, at the Swansea Business Club dinner last night.—*Western Mail*. (G. R Beeston.)

The Coroner said that to pick up a poker to resist a slap on the face was clearly unreasonable and out of all proportion.—*Huddersfield Examiner*. (H. T. M. Swire.)

At the ballet people appear in open shirts, sandals, polo-neck sweaters and dirty mackintoshes. This muddled form of garment wearing, one could not call it dressing, leads to a muddled form of thinking. It accounts, to a certain extent, for the fact that there is such a lot of confused thinking about ballet.—*Dance and Dancers*. (P. Johnson.)

Italy and E.D.C.

ITALIAN reactions to the Berlin conference do not differ in essence from those which have occurred in other countries. We, too, have our pessimists, who assert that any attempt to reach agreement with the Soviet Union is sheer waste of time. They belong to the category I usually describe as "Atlantic extremists," more zealous than the most zealous Americans, more fervent, if possible, than McCarthy himself. Here in Italy, however, this extremism is not so much a function of Italian foreign policy as of domestic politics. The alleged impossibility of any agreement with the Soviet Union provides these pessimists with an excuse to refuse any understanding with the Italian Communist Party, even an agreement for co-existence and mutual toleration.

At the other extreme are the optimists, who consider that the world *détente* has already been achieved and who too often mistake their wishful thinking for reality. My own view is that, even if some forms of optimism are dangerous, the pessimism of Sig. De Gasperi or Sig. Scelba, and of the newspapers which express their views, is completely negative. It is, no doubt, convenient for them that the situation should remain as it is, because their whole regime here in Italy depends on the continuance of international tension. But what is convenient for them is not convenient for the whole world, for Europe, or even for Italy. It seems to me that what one can say about the Berlin conference is that it opened a new road, the road of direct negotiations, and this fact by itself constitutes an important element for achieving a world *détente*.

The conclusions reached on the achievements at Berlin are having an immediate effect, in Italy as well as in France, on the chances of the ratification of E.D.C. Here the position of the main Italian parties is as follows. The Centre Government, headed by the Demochristians, believes that ratification is not only a necessity but an urgent necessity. In adopting this attitude, the centre parties are more influenced by domestic than by foreign considerations. E.D.C., in fact, provides them with an opportunity, or rather an excuse, to exclude the last possibility of co-operation with the Left. In the last few weeks, for example, there appeared to be a real possibility

for the Socialist Parliamentary Party, headed by myself, to give either direct or indirect support to the Fanfani Government. And then there was another possibility, that we Socialists should support a Gronchi Government. At once some of the leading dailies stated that, in order to exclude the possibility of Socialist co-operation, the ratification of E.D.C. should appear as the first item on the Government programme, and the Scelba-Saragat Government took their advice and did exactly this.

The two parties on the extreme Right, the Monarchists and the neo-Fascists, were until recently critical of E.D.C. They wanted a *quid pro quo* and took the line that there should be no ratification without a prior solution of the Trieste problem, and without negotiations to ensure to Italy a prominent position in the European and Atlantic Defence systems. Thus, for the extreme Right, E.D.C. is essentially a domestic bargaining issue, and this is why the possibility cannot be ruled out that, when the vote in Parliament is finally taken, it may give the Monarchists the chance to win a place in the Government majority and so prepare the way for the Demochristians to move towards the Right.

For us Italian Socialists, however, opposition to E.D.C. is a matter of principle. We refuse to see Italy become a member of a system of military alliances which, among other disadvantages, adversely affects our national sovereignty. In the second place, we agree with those powerful elements in the British Labour Party and in the German, French and Belgian Socialist Parties which regard E.D.C. as a factor which will not unify Germany and Europe, but will keep them divided. A few days ago a Rome newspaper wrote its story about the meeting of the Socialist International at Brussels, under the headline "Conclusive Approval Given to E.D.C., German Unification, Austrian Independence and a Reduction of Armaments." We Italians have a phrase: "*Troppa grazia sant'Antonio!*" Too good to be true. The resolution passed by the Brussels conference displayed the fault which I criticised so often during the nine years that I was a member before the war of the International Socialist Bureau. It managed to pack into the same sentence the pros and cons of every question. Nobody can honestly deny today that, if E.D.C. were to be ratified, European unity and German unification would be ruled out, and the Austrian peace treaty and disarmament indefinitely postponed. For it is difficult to conceive that the Russians could give their consent to the integration of a united Germany into a European or Atlantic alliance directed against themselves. Nor can I take very seriously the idea of offering Moscow as a compensating concession a non-aggression treaty. In my view, Sir Winston Churchill's excellent suggestion of an Eastern Locarno is incompatible with E.D.C.

The attitude of the Italian Socialist Party is as follows. We are confronted with a major problem —how to form a stable and efficient Government capable of safeguarding democratic institutions and promoting social progress, without which democracy is an empty phrase. We are ready to collaborate in this task on one condition—that the ratification of E.D.C. should be postponed until it has been passed by the French Assembly and that in the meantime a solution should be found for the Trieste problem. In laying down this condition, we found ourselves in agreement with the Communists and, until four weeks ago, with Signor Saragat. But now the Scelba-Saragat Government, whose most important characteristic is that it splits the Left, has given the ratification of E.D.C. top priority. Whether this Government will survive long enough to implement this pledge is dubious. It is also dubious whether E.D.C. can be ratified by the Italian Parliament without causing considerable disturbances in the Government majority. It looks as though this problem will cause an acute political struggle in Italy. Indeed, in my view, E.D.C. is in every way a cause of division and dissension, an obstacle which must be removed from the road if we are to achieve either a world *détente* or an easing of our internal deadlock.

PIETRO NENNI

Thoughts in the Wilderness

TIME, PLEASE!

WHEN I was a boy in the North, some of our neighbours, fathers of families, solid taxpayers, had a trick of disappearing now and again from domesticity and respectability, going off on some vast, mysterious binge, from which they returned, after many days, muddy, unshaven and broke. The type, which must have had a few drops of wild blood that had to be assuaged, has probably vanished for ever now. But I am myself the victim of a similar habit, for every few years I feel compelled to vanish into the mazes of the Time problem, returning, rather worn, with a play or a story. There seems to me—and of course I cannot prove it—no particular emotional drive behind all this. I enjoyed a fairly happy youth and liked pre-1914 England (and think little of the Twenties that are now coming in for so much praise), but am never conscious of being overwhelmed by any longing for that period of my life. My interest in the Time riddle is part intellectual, part intuitive. I am intellectually curious, like a man faced with some half-deciphered hieroglyphics, and am pricked on, as such a man might be, by an intuitive feeling that here is the great challenge. So a most inadequate Childe Roland returns to the Dark Tower.

The result, whether offered in playhouses or bookshops, is always the same. The public is at once divided into two sharply opposed groups. The first—bless it—consists of people who are as fascinated as I am, and often write letters to tell me so. Some of them, no doubt, are just romantic, tender-minded chumps, but many others are sufficiently tough-minded and may grapple with the problem, in the abstract, with more skill than I can muster. Dunne himself, whom I knew well, could hardly be dismissed as a vague theosophical dreamer, being in fact a hard-headed engineer and mathematician. (And here let me add that time-theories neither begin nor end with Dunne.) The opposing group is made up of people, some of them old friends, who are immediately irritated and antagonised by any reference to this problem. They behave at once as if I were asking very awkward and tactless questions, perhaps about a ne'er-do-well brother, a runaway daughter; as if I were unlocking the cupboard hiding the skeleton. If they are critics, they pooh-pooh the whole silly business, often giving the impression that they themselves once went into the thing, on a much higher level, found nothing in it, and are surprised that I am still poking about down there. Not that I begrudge them their bogus air of superiority; it is one of the tricks of the trade; I have often, in other matters, worked it myself. But the general attitude of this group is very curious: I think there is fear lurking somewhere behind it. For heaven's sake, leave that clock alone!

Now it has never been suggested, I think, by any of us time-theorists that a little fiddling with the clock will put all right for us. We have never suggested that there is an easy way out. It is in fact precisely this view that we challenge. What is it people believe now? Some believe that once their souls have sought forgiveness and received grace, the fields of Paradise await them, any monotony being broken by the spectacle of other souls, with whom they may have lunched for years, suffering everlasting torment. Others, ranging from Madras to Los Angeles, believe that their souls visit this world many times, with varying destinies according to the progress they are making. This is not a belief I share, but it does seem rather more reasonable than the one-shot-in-the-dark idea of the universe. Others again, with whom I have more sympathy, tend to see life in terms of various levels of being, and incline to the view that just as the cells of our bodies contribute to and share to some extent in our lives, we in turn contribute to and share in the life of some mysterious world being, an *anima mundi*. And this has at least the advantage of being more or less on the right scale, belonging to a huge and highly complicated universe. Its chief disadvantage is that it seems coldly impersonal, unlikely to hearten us greatly in our struggle to behave decently, to preserve some shreds of honour.

A great many people, however, do not believe any of these things. Life is an accident, they feel, and Man is the best it can do. There is no chain of being in which he might be a link; no God, no gods. The immortal soul belongs to poetry, and poetry is not true. Death cancels out the individual, and sooner or later will blot out the species. The account that science gives us of the universe, though it keeps changing, is the only true one. We all go rolling through black space to our doom. Every tick, every heartbeat, brings us nearer final oblivion. We are fixed in Macbeth's tale told by an idiot. Vanity of vanities!

Now exceptional men may believe all this, and yet contrive to live richly, even nobly, announcing their despair with ardour and courage. Such men, I suspect, have a hidden store of idealism, secret hopes; and as a rule it will be found that they spring from religious stock, have been nourished in youth by an atmosphere of profound conviction; they might be said to enjoy a heritage, from which they draw a private income, of decent ethics and reasonable endeavour. Their very rationalism, being positive, glows with a fer-

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vour that is more than rational. They can enjoy a symbolic life, though they no longer believe in its symbolism, just because their childhood was shaped and coloured by it. They will defy the theologians and inquisitors for the sake of the souls they have repudiated. It is a familiar type, and our history would be a dreary tale of folly, cowardice and self-seeking without its shining example. Most of the Liberal Socialists I knew in my youth were men and women of this sort; and if I complain too often perhaps it is because I feel that much of what is happening now is treacherous to their memory. Their bow of burning gold, their arrows of desire, have been hidden away in a lumber room; and the Jerusalem we are building is not Blake's but something horribly like that place in Palestine.

When masses of men, feeling anything but positive, come to believe that life is a meaningless accident, that they are homeless among the cold black spaces, that they are all huddled together in an execution chamber, that their humanity is without sense and dignity, then they are soon trapped within a vicious circle. They allow their essential rights to be taken away from them. Democracy, which may be rowdy but is nevertheless based on an idea of man's dignity, becomes a sham. Power is unchallenged; the slave mentality grows. The natural rhythm of work is sacrificed to the machine tempo. The de-humanising process succeeds everywhere. The satisfying patterns of living are broken, and men in the mass, feeling obscurely they have been somehow cheated, burn with resentments that may result finally in mob cruelty. (The signs are with us now.) Above all, this frustrated modern man is haunted by the idea of inexorable passing time. And people who cannot see this are merely keeping their eyes shut tight.

Consider how we are made increasingly aware of time. The coach to Edinburgh left at midday or sunset; the train went at 3.15 or 3.25; the recording of your talk about Edinburgh begins "in ten seconds from now"; and, for all I know, in the labs they may be splitting the seconds. Notice how the best holidays that busy people have are not so much travels in space as escapes into an atmosphere in which the sense of time is easier, the clocks have no seconds hands and perhaps are stopped altogether. And much of the evil of our age comes from the notion that we have merely so much time before oblivion overtakes us. It encourages what I have called elsewhere the cyanide philosophy of life, held by the Nazi leaders, who carried everywhere with them tiny glass ampoules of cyanide so that if the worst came to the worst, they could at once ring down the curtain of death. It has to come down sooner or later, so gamble on doing what the hell you like, while you have time at your disposal, and if you do not succeed—*Curtain!* Which leads automatically to a desire for power at any price, because in the last resort you are not paying the price. You can damn the consequences because in fact you propose to escape the consequences.

But what if, life being not as simple as you imagined it to be, you cannot escape the consequences? What if you can only rid yourself of the world's time, the date on tomorrow's newspaper, but cannot jump out of your own time? Suppose the curtain comes down only between you and the audience and not between you and yourself? It is not my purpose here to discuss time-theories, and I will only point out that there are indeed several of them and that in one form or another they have always haunted the background of man's mind. What interests me here is the effect a rejection of the ordinary time view would have on men's outlook and their conduct. Suppose we began to behave *as if* the time theorist were right. *Leave now for dogs and apes, man has for ever.* Not for ever, perhaps, but a much larger and more complicated portion of time than he generally thinks he had. Which cuts both ways, for now irresponsibility just will not work, and the consequences cannot be escaped. You are stuck with yourself, as people say. If you choose to raise hell, you will live in it.

Here I cannot agreed with Mr. C. P. Snow, who has said that theories of time appear to him "a mode of denying the seriousness of the moment." On the contrary, I think that such theories encourage a belief in the seriousness of the moment, bringing a creative responsibility, as well as zest, into a man's outlook and conduct. It is slavery to the idea of passing time that at the worst plunges a man into despair and at best merely encourages the view that somehow everything will be better soon. The curious fatalism, almost like a sort of sleep-walking, which is beginning to afflict so many people, making them accept blindly any kind of power-mongering trick, is in my opinion partly the result of this slavery. Once we have said goodbye to eternity, we are well on our way to becoming either devils or robots. But eternity does not mean everlasting time, a misinterpretation that has done much harm. It means non-passing time, another kind of time, existence not measured by clocks and calenders, a level of being that cannot be analysed in any laboratory, belonging to that Kingdom of Heaven which most orthodox Christians refuse to believe is within them, the great Here and Now we enter through the arts and love and friendship and acts of simple goodness; all of which give us the values we must live by, now in danger of being lost. If the reader feels this danger does not exist, then I must withdraw, a timid landlord muttering "Time, please!"

J. B. PRIESTLEY

Surf Riding

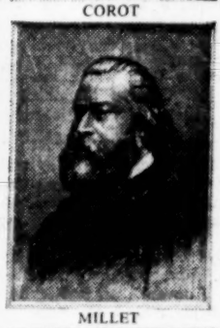
IN Monrovia the British Ambassador lives in a white house; just below his garden the mighty procession of Atlantic rollers gallop and foam over the red sanded shore. "No one can bathe here," said the Ambassador's wife, "because of the sharks and the barracuda and the suction of the waves, which has drowned too many men on this coast." The objections seemed enough, and we bathed on a safer beach where the power of the waves was checked by a reef of rocks to which we clung, only to find ourselves deliciously and helplessly thrown out on to the beach like so many stranded jellyfish. At Lagos, too, one had to be careful, not of the countless little crabs that scuttled out of our way, but of the undertow of the breakers, which had drowned a Frenchman—a fine fellow and a strong swimmer whom everyone liked—only a few weeks earlier. So we rode the surf cautiously, and even so we were tired from the buffeting and the salt and coarse sand in our eyes before we had been in the water for twenty minutes.

Only ten yards away, over a sandbank, another world awaited us. In a moment the sea was a memory and a muffled roar. We looked out over a wide, shimmering, hot lagoon, as safe and unexciting as the sea was rude and dangerous. Along the opposite shore were coconut palms and African fishermen casting their glittering nets and a wooden house where we could find shade. So we lay and played in the water, the four Englishmen and the six African lads, and fought mock sea battles as knights on horseback, and were blistered by the sun, and afterwards spent an idle Sunday afternoon, eating and drinking and sleeping in the shade. Four of the boys, on the radio staff in Lagos, had been trained by the B.B.C. They sang Purcell and old English rounds. Then some went home, wading up to the waist in the shallows; the rest in a canoe with an African in the stern punting with a bamboo pole. He took us through the mangroye creeks which link the string of lagoons along the whole length of the Nigerian coast only a few yards from the sea itself. Mangroves are strange. They grow on stilts of their own making; the deep, oozy mud stinks behind them as last year's leaves decay, while in front they march always forward, dropping their fruit pods into the water where each one strikes root and presses on, threatening wholly to close up the creek. No doubt they would do so if the Africans we see quietly fishing did not cut them back. The creeks are very silent and lifeless except where we pass some huts where small boys sink and bob up twenty yards away, as much part of the water as otters. We saw no other life except a snake sliding away from us, in the mangroves one flash of a kingfisher's blue and crimson and many strange little mud-skippers, with two little legs in front and tails in the slime, moving slowly along like old men learning to ride a tricycle. Suddenly we emerged into the lagoon near Lagos, greeting other canoes of Africans coming home with the day's merchandise. Our car is waiting under a mango tree; a woman, her breasts bare and a child on her back, is collecting firewood; two tiny children, round-eyed and naked, hide behind her and laugh as we drive away.

At Accra, too, one can bathe safely and ride gloriously on the surf. But it's best at Tema, not far down the coast. There, in a half moon of sand, the fishing boats are drawn up underneath the fringe of coconut palms; the fall into the Atlantic is not steep; here, if anywhere, the amateur can ride the surf. Watching us as we arrive, ridiculously holding out her hand for "dash," eyeing us as we undress and ride on the waves, is an African girl. She stands close by all the afternoon looking at us. She is a beauty; a European might expect her to be eighteen; she is probably twelve. Only among very young girls in West Africa does one see those sharp, firm little breasts. She has clearly her first "cloth," a gay cotton piece of material which she first holds in front of her, hiding her bosom, and then drops as if it were an apron. She wears a string of beads round her loins, another that passes between her legs. She is proud of her costume, and is proud, too, of beads like garters above her bare knees. Her mother, perhaps, has told her she is getting a big girl now and ought to wear a cloth; she is making what she can of her charms before strangers, not yet wholly convinced, like Eve, that she is more attractive when she does not display all her secrets.

Tema will not long remain so idyllic. For it is Tema which has been chosen as the great new harbour of the Gold Coast. Here in a few years there will be perhaps eighty thousand people; the houses, the shops, the roads, the harbour itself will all be built round and about the little bay where we rode gaily on the surf. And when that happens the greatest carnival of surf riding in the world will be lost. For the new Tema harbour is to take the place of Accra itself as a port. Few sights have ever more surprised or pleased me than the landing of merchandise at Accra. The cargo boats, perhaps half a dozen or more at a time, are anchored half a mile or more from shore. They carry everything that Accra eats and wears and uses. The merchandise is fetched by long canoes, each manned by eleven or thirteen Africans. One of them stands in the stern steering

COROT



MILLET

INGRES

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with a long oar; the others race with paddles, shaped like Neptune's tridents. Some crews keep time, the steersman marking the strokes with a metal clapper. Others, apparently equally fast, make no attempt at ordered rhythm, each man plugging away as hard as he can go with no reference to his neighbour. Out at the big ship the cargo is loaded and the heavy canoes swing round and race each other back to the shore. Crews that have earned their prize money for completing the covenanted number of trips carry a flag on their last journey, and are given preference. This return journey from the cargo ship is surf-riding, if you like. The canoes move at a surprising speed, cresting each wave as it attacks them and making all the use possible of its advance and recoil. When the tide is out the canoes may not be able to bring their loads within a quarter of a mile of the warehouse; the rowers leap into the water and put on their heads the beer, the textiles, the crockery and hardware, on which Accra lives. Here is a sight I shall not forget. Is nothing broken, nothing sodden by salt water in this primitive harbouring and porterage? Yes, of course it is; insurance is a little high. But as I looked along the rows of neatly stacked merchandise I met the eye of my English guide. "No," he said, "wonderfully little is damaged." For my part I doubt if the new harbour at Tema will ever be as economic. Let alone as happy or as exciting to watch as the surf-riding at Accra.

KINGSLEY MARTIN

NEXT WEEK
Travel Supplement

The Joker in the Pack

In that astonishing but absorbing piece of bad taste, *The Missing Diplomats*, Cyril Connolly describes a lunch with Donald Maclean at which "I mentioned that I had at one time been intended for the Diplomatic Service, and that I had always regarded it since with some of the wistfulness which he felt for literature." His Eton and Balliol contemporaries, friends from before the Flood, are said to have raised a smooth eyebrow at the disclosure. This, they declared, was the first time they had heard of Cyril's early intentions. It was like his remark about the glamour attaching to the pre-war London railway stations. How Paddington was once the golden gate to Longleat, Waterloo took you to Wilton and so on. "Cyril's secret kingdom," someone remarked, tartly, "isn't that lost land of lemurs and pomegranates after all. It's simply Bridesheaded Unvisited." Once Osbert Lancaster had commemorated Sir Cyril Connolly, K.C.M.G., in a witty and lethal cartoon, the incident was forgotten. For in an age of social displacement, delusions of grandeur are two a penny. And to one who has written some of the finest English prose of his generation, a fantasy or two may be pardoned. For certain kinds of artist, fantasies and delusions are essential.

Yet Connolly's remark does provide a clue to one side of his temperament. Like Yeats or Evelyn Waugh, he is a snob in the grand and vulgar way in which only writers can be; he can stand a great deal of gold. The trait has grown with the years and with the transition from the mental climate of the Thirties, when men and women kept their snobbery carefully bedded down and out of sight, to the Fifties, when it runs riot like the bay tree and throttles every kind of personality with its ivy tendrils. In his brilliant autobiography and literary tract for the times, *Enemies of Promise* (1938), Connolly painted a picture of his Georgian boyhood. It was a superb camera close-up, and one very much of its period. But when the author came to rewrite his book for a second edition ten years later, he lacquered over his background, giving it a Sitwellian New Look. For the student of literary and social fashions, a collation of the two texts makes rewarding reading:

> My father was in the army. His father was a retired admiral who lived at Bath where he had married the daughter of Charles Kemble... (*1938*).

> My father was in the regular army. His father, Admiral Connolly, son of a General Connolly and nephew of various other veterans of the wars with France, belonged to a naval family long resident in Bath, where he had married late in life the eldest daughter of the then rector of Bath, Charles Kemble... The Connollys... were a frugal, blue-eyed, long-lived, quiet, tidy, obstinate race of soldiers and sailors; the Admiral's uncle, Captain Mathew Connolly, had been a kind of arbiter of Bath elegance in the reign of George IV (*1948*).

And again:

> The castle was an enormous eighteenth century Gothic affair which belonged to my Great-Aunt Anna, who had once been besieged there by the Fenians; there was a lake in the grounds and a wishing well (*1938*).

> This castle was an enormous eighteenth century Gothic affair which belonged with some 30,000 acres to my Great-Aunt Anna, Countess of Kingston, who had once been besieged there by the Fenians; there was a lake in the grounds and a wishing well. Now, alas, not a stone remains (*1948*).

There is something magnificently cynical about this gesture of transformation. And, indeed, one of Connolly's greatest qualities as a literary journalist is his ability always to be plumb on the target where cultural trends and fashions are concerned. No one has a better knowledge of the poses, the rackets, the gimmicks of Eng. Lit. over the last quarter of a century. The hearties in the Savile, the smoothies at the British Council, the gangling Wykehamists, the R.A.F. versifiers, the tall rangy lady novelists and the stubbly "dons-in-the-manger"—years of reviewing have given him an extensive and dreadful acquaintance with all lost ten tribes of the literary Israel. They are all to be found wriggling at the end of their separate pins in *The Condemned Playground*, that huge comic police dossier of our contemporary *Kulturkampf*. It is this on-the-spot quality that enabled Connolly to write so well and so movingly about the Spanish Civil War for this journal in the Thirties; and it is the same quality that today keeps him hobnobbing so companionably with the dukes, retired generals and other literary backwoodsmen in Lord Kemsley's Sunday columns. The old Jacobin almamatricide has become the "Ultra" of White's

Throughout his writing one glimpses the originality of a mind that has pushed appetite to the hope of exorbitance. He is a glutton for civilised pleasures—vintages, gossip, memorable meals, exotic pet animals, coigns of euphoria and melancholy, the Mediterranean's lotus-eating bridgeheads. "My house is perfect," squeaks the brittle youth in Palinurus's moral fable, "the pictures are just right, the bindings of green morocco catch the light of the evening sun; my Louis Seize commodes belly out in the alcoves, there are Malvern water and biscuits by every bed, and in each lavatory the toilet-paper, loosely arranged in scented sheets, is weighted down by a coloured stone." Yet at times—

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and perhaps the tendency is stronger now that he has removed to the country—he writes as though he were a Taoist sage ("I speak the language of animals and enjoy the confidence of the vegetable powers"). The pressed duck at Larue's is forsaken for a chaste snack—omelette, peaches, Vichy—eaten under a plane tree.

At heart he is a romantic materialist, and romantic materialism is the theme of the host of stories—rich, egocentric, bulimian stories—that have grown up around him. Most of them he has probably inspired himself. There is the tale of Lord Berners and the potted shrimps, of the doodle-bug and the dive under the bed ("Perfect fear casteth out love!"); of the cigar-ash dropped with absent malice into the culinary triumph proffered by the wife of a celebrated American intellectual. There are the machine-gun, dead-pan exchanges, such as the alleged reply to an author seeking a title for his heavy-handed study of a certain Eminent Victorian whose homestead he had acquired ("Why don't you just call it *He Lived in My House?*"). The legend has three main strands: a fecund sloth, a devastating wit, and a streak of *terribilità* when confronted with trespassers or intruders.

Yet he remains the sea-green incorruptible artist, one whose unremitting search for perfection as a writer is among the half-dozen literary inspirations of our time. "Writers should be read and not heard," he declared a short time ago, declining an offer to speak at a Cambridge Union debate. The reply is typical of his conception of the artist's place in society. To his refusal to beat any of the big drums or climb on any of our contemporary bandwaggons, Connolly owes a large part of his integrity, both as a critic and as a great literary editor. Part of *Horizon's* unchallenged position as a literary monthly sprung directly from his distrust of blueprints, palatable nostrums and ideological Old Moores. Connolly has always insisted on the artist retaining his private face and not developing a public one. Both as writer and as editor, he has acquired virtue through his fierce sense of privacy; a privacy to be guarded if necessary by the barbed wire of rudeness and belligerence. In an age of professional charmers he believes firmly and refreshingly that Montaigne would not have descended from his library tower, nor Pope have emerged from his grotto, to answer the telephone. Since he takes himself as seriously as he takes Pope or Montaigne, he acts toughly on this belief in everyday life. Just as his snobbery, his spikiness, his appetite for the plums of living are the product of an original kind of private lifemanship, so his heroes are the private heroes of art, whether youthful and stormy (Baudelaire, Propertius) or green and deciduous—the great cooling planets of the nineteenth century (Tennyson, Flaubert, Walter Savage Landor). He often gives the impression that he prefers to *be* other writers rather than write himself.

Today, storm-tossed Palinurus can look back on his first half-century with a briny satisfaction. As he has said of his spiritual master, Sainte-Beuve, he is a smaller man than many of his contemporaries, but an incomparably greater artist. His primary article of faith—"that all human beings are sentenced to death and that as the sentence will never be commuted, we are all entitled to the amenities of the condemned cell"—is still the best definition of humanism that we know. All his life, ever since he was elected to Pop, he has been the joker in the pack, the pilot who throws himself away with the tiller. An inveterate seeker after *luxe, calme et volupté*, he has always sought them on his own egocentric, socially-destructive terms, and it is this that has preserved him, both as an artist and as a worldly romantic. Today the grubby, Flaubertian young man in the crumpled dinner-jacket who shocked the Hampstead Upper Ten by smoking his cigars with the bands on, the literary sorcerer's apprentice who "proved something of a disappointment" to Logan Pearsall Smith and to "leafy, well-to-do, fig-ripening Chelsea" generally, when he threw away his mandarin's cap and left to get married, is next in succession to Sir Edmund Gosse's chair. It is an ironic revenge, and one that the English genius enjoys taking on its jokers, especially the Celtic variety. Worse may yet befall—a D.Litt.(T.C.D.), knighthood, a Companionship of Honour, the Académie française. From his present distinguished eyrie all things are possible.

Yet his admirers can be certain of one fact about his future. Cyril Connolly will never turn into Sir Edmund Gosse. For twenty-five years, partly through laziness, partly through scruples of conscience, he has refused to give hostages to the Establishment. He is unlikely to begin doing so now. Even if he never writes another Sanhovian maxim, never completes his triptych of English snobbery (those "Lives of the Weak," whose first panel he executed so flawlessly in *The Rock Pool*), he will remain a writer for young men. Each new generation of Rastignacs and Obermanns will discover, in *The Unquiet Grave*, food for its desires, egoisms, first love, its ambition, dandyism and sloth. From its pages each new reader will fashion his own "arrogant private dream." Under that tenacious lemurian guidance he will learn to explore the untrodden paths of the ego. And as Palinurus himself tends the graves of Latin poets and French moralists, so his readers in their turn will come to bless this prickly Georgian, "whom ill-famed Coventry bore, a mother of bicycles, whom England enlightened and Ireland deluded, round-faced, irritable, sun-loving, a man as old as his Redeemer, meditating at this time of year when wars break out . . . inglorious under the plane."

The Arts and Entertainment

A SUMMONS FROM ROME

MANY composers, performers and music critics of the Western world have been invited to attend an "International Conference of Contemporary Music" to be held in Rome from April 4th to 15th. This is a kind of sequel to the Paris Festival of last May; the organisation is again in the hands of the energetic Nicolas Nabokov, acting in conjunction with such impressively named bodies as the "European Center of Culture," the "International Music Council" and the "Congress for Cultural Freedom." Thanks to the collaboration of Radio Italiana and of various Roman musical institutions, a long list of concerts has been planned. Of these, I have seen so far only a skeleton programme, listing the composers chosen but not the actual works. In addition, twelve composers from eight countries have accepted an invitation to submit works which will be anonymously performed and voted on by a jury selected from the participants to the Conference; the three winners will be awarded "Twentieth Century Masterpiece Festival Prizes." The only Englishman among the twelve is Fricker; among the rest I observe the inclusion of Mario Peragallo, whose very striking Piano Concerto was recently played twice in the Third Programme.

All this sounds, if somewhat grandiose in tone, eminently laudable in aim; and I hope that the Third Programme (musically a little dull of late) will allow us to hear a good slice of the concerts, as well as the two operas announced, Henze's *Boulevard Solitude* and Tosatti's *Il sistema della dolcezza*. But there is another feature of the Conference which, though harmless enough, seems to me a trifle absurd: the notion that, if a large number of very different sorts of composer, along with their disciples and supporters, get together and ventilate their several theories (often using, of necessity, a language which is strange either to them or to many of their listeners), the process will somehow clear the air and broaden the musical horizon. I don't myself believe that such public and international debates about aesthetics are anything but a waste of time. Aesthetics is a very difficult subject, on which illumination can be expected only from carefully written books and articles pondered in the quiet of one's own room. Some composers, like Wagner and Hindemith, are naturally didactic and expository; others, like Verdi and Elgar, are naturally reserved and silent. But it is one thing for Wagner to publish a polemical essay like *Opera and Drama*; it would have been quite another thing for him to engage in public debate with Verdi or even with Berlioz on "The future of opera." Indeed, one has only to imagine such an event to perceive the sad truth—that the future of opera is now being so anxiously debated just because composers are no longer producing a stream of vital and important new operas. Nor does it seem likely that a debate on the symphony, say in 1905, with Sibelius and Mahler as principal speakers, would have proved much more profitable. Why then should we return the decided "Yes" which the organisers evidently expect to their question: "Should not composers, today, welcome, and even look for, contact and debate with their fellow composers?"? It is amusing that a Conference which is evidently designed as a demonstration of the Western world's cultural superiority to that of the Communist world should take so large a leaf out of the Communist book. The notion that debate and mutual accusation and public linen-washing are the best way to bring about an improvement in musical composition (and performance and criticism) has a familiar Soviet ring.

The manifesto goes on to demand: "Should not performers, today, admit that to stand aloof from their own time's music would jeopardize their musicianship?" This seems at first sight a very reasonable attitude, dictated by a proper sympathy with modern composers. Yet it contains, I think, an element of wishful thinking. Was the musicianship of Schnabel or Rachmaninoff, of Elena Gerhardt or Casals, jeopardised by the fact that their programmes contained almost no contemporary music? Surely not; and if not, why then need a modern performer feel obliged to make any such "admission" as the manifesto expects of him?

Nevertheless, if logic is not the strongest point in the Conference's manifesto, and if the public debates are unlikely to prove the most valuable part of the Conference, everyone must applaud the enterprise, generosity and broad-minded approach of the organisers, and hope that their competition may indeed produce one or two works to which the phrase "Twentieth Century Masterpiece" can be applied without a blush.

DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

BLOOD AND PLUNDER

ONLY the very sophisticated can accept the very simple. Take a stark, stripped scene, like the last scene but one from Eugene O'Neill's *A Moon for the Misbegotten*, where the local tough girl holds the drunk playboy in her arms in the moonlight, and at her breast he finds the strength to confess something that has haunted his life—his behaviour at his mother's death—and she realises that not love but the chance to cleanse himself was all he wanted of her:

> God forgive me, it's a fine end to all my scheming to sit here with the dead hugged to my breast, and the silly mug of the moon grinning down and enjoying the joke!

Put that scene before an audience of average English dumpies and comfortables, and uneasy titters and nervous giggles will be the most likely reaction, while the even simpler gallery and pit will break into open jeering.

The audience at the Arts is sophisticated enough to be prepared to take the rather different simplicities of Lorca as seriously as it can, but with *The Blood Wedding* in a not very happy translation, it is a fairly near thing. It takes some doing to translate us, weary children of pulped paper feelings, coated with layer after layer of second-hand emotions, into the primitive world of direct responses where a wedding is a phallic festival and the blood is blood. Spain, it has often been remarked, is the alien land of Europe, where the feelings have held out longest against contamination, and in 1933 Lorca could write a tragedy which belongs in its simplicity, if not to the dawn of the world, to the long, long ago of its early adolescence. The characters have not even reached the point of individuality, except for one; they are the bridegroom, the bride, the mother, the father, and so on. Only the one who tries to break the ritualistic pattern of living is named—Leonardo, who rides off with the bride on the evening of the wedding and is hunted down by the bridegroom and his friends. This is the simple story of *The Blood Wedding*, which first establishes, very directly, the pattern and the rumble of threat beneath against those who break it.

The company at the Arts make a commendably courageous attempt at the play under the imaginative direction of a young producer, Mr. Peter Hall. They are lucky to have at the head of them Miss Beatrix Lehmann. Miss Lehmann first made her name in the dark, stark O'Neill parts, and she is one of the few English actresses

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who can successfully transcend her nationality, her class and her epoch. She does not need the framework of French windows and a sunny lawn and tea coming up on a silver tray to feel at home. She is in her element wherever doom is in the offing and the air is heavy with threat. Here, as the mother of sons murdered or to be murdered, she is a little granite pillar of strength and conviction to support a company less experienced in this mode.

At the very opposite extreme to Lorca lies the coy and cosy Dodie Smith. It would take Mr. Arthur Marshall to do justice to the girlish adolescent fantasies of *I Capture the Castle*. Miss Smith sets herself to bring up to date the Sanger family from Margaret Kennedy's *The Constant Nymph*. This family are the Mortmains, living in arty but fascinating poverty in a broken-down wing of Godsend Castle, and their story is half enacted, half told over a microphone by the seventeen-year-old daughter, a romantic young person called Cassandra, who is living out for us extracts from her journal. The author is wonderfully skilful at re-cooking the old romantic devices, and she sprinkles a seasoning of up-to-date culture too. Bach and Bartok, Debussy and Handel, James and Joyce, all get their mention and there's an awfully deep bit about religion in the first act (it's just a question of *listening*)—and another about modern art in the second. Miss Virginia McKenna, one of our most promising young actresses, does all that she is meant to do as Cassandra, and considering some of the things that she has to do and say, it is a great feat. "I do hope God understands about good kind lies!" "Do I really want to hold my midsummer rites?" "There used to be two of us on the look-out for life." These are among her *obiter dicta*. The novel from which this play is taken sold its hundreds upon hundreds of thousands. "Perhaps things that countless people believe in really happen" Cassandra also says. Perhaps. Perhaps *I Capture the Castle* really did.

T. C. WORSLEY

LIGHT AND THE PARTY LINE

"COMRADE Berger, your duty this week is to praise the paintings of Pierre Dumont at the Redfern. He lived in extreme poverty and spent the last ten years of his life in a lunatic asylum. He was a victim of the hyena culture of bourgeois capitalism."

"But is that wise? We are all victims of our hyena culture—perhaps we are all a little lunatic too. Besides, Dumont was a friend of that arch-formalist Juan Gris. He also organised in 1912 the notorious cosmopolitan neo-Fascist cubist exhibition, *La Section D'or*. Note the name. It proves the link with Wall Street."

"Comrade Berger, don't be left-infantile. No one will know that. Mr. Robertson is quite right, you're becoming as silly as an old society dame. We can *use* Dumont. His pictures of Rouen Cathedral often include a view of the pavement. The workers of Rouen walk along that pavement."

"All right. Your directive the other week about Moore was much easier to carry out, but I'll do my best."

Dumont was born in Rouen in 1884 and died in 1936. By the time he was thirty his work was known and admired by Monet and Apollinaire. Yet for the last thirty years he has been largely forgotten or dismissed because of the evidence of his weak later pictures painted after his mind had begun to give way, and with his left hand when his right was paralysed. In many of the 51 paintings now on show one can see how it was possible for his work to deteriorate. He was a desperately passionate painter. Like Van Gogh, whose early work influenced him, he obviously painted in a frenzy of concentration. His pigment was often applied straight from the tube. He had a horror of repeating himself. In a way this was sensible. Not in terms of subject matter—his numerous canvases of Rouen Cathedral never show any sign of repetitive staleness—but in terms of mood. Eventually his constant need for excitement and drama began to "push" at his subjects and worry them. His pictures then began to become fragmentary, to lose their centrifugal focus and fly off the handle into poster-like melodrama.

But before this happened he produced some fine paintings. A street scene like *La Place du Tertre Montmartre*—painted incidentally several years before Utrillo's somewhat similar pictures. This painting might be a stage set—only it is fully three-dimensional—for Zola's *L'Assommoir*. The thick paint, the ponderous, blunt contrasts of tone, the way the brush-marks come and go, all combine to create the same sort of great bass rhythm of energy, sweat-rags and booze. Or the 1908 still life (No. 12) that is reminiscent of an early Cézanne and in which the objects and vegetables on the table are organised with the kind of visual conviction that a town has when seen in clear light after rain. Or his canvas of Monet's summer garden which still looks as though the sunlight were on it as well as in it.

Most striking of all, however, are his sombre pictures of Rouen Cathedral. I say sombre only because they are largely dark in tone. Monet, painting the same subject, was careful to note the exact time of day (*Rouen Cathedral Forenoon*) because he was interested in its present aspect, in the particular way that each hour it turned into foam the weir of light falling down over it. Dumont was interested in something quite different. His sunlit pinnacles are like gutted candles throwing into relief the shadows that seem to emphasise the age, the past of the building. The towers move up in heavy silhouette against the sky, but it was the penetration of the dimly lit arches, the alley-ways under the buttresses, the niches, that really fascinated him. (There is a story that he used to take a mattress and sleep under the cathedral doorways at night.) All the solidity of the building emphasises the mystery of its interior. Each recession on the façade stimulates one's imagination as the entrance to a cave stimulates the imagination of a schoolboy.

Perhaps a partial explanation of the extraordinarily concentrated intensity of these pictures is that, faced with a Gothic cathedral, Dumont's restless imagination could have full play and yet not run riot. All the richness, sense of drama and involved fantasy that he could want, were there to excite him, but already so organised that his subsequent vision was prevented from becoming diffused and chaotic. Whatever the explanation they remain impressive.

JOHN BERGER

THE MOVIES

"The Battleship Potemkin," at the Continentale

"La Grande Illusion," at the National Film Theatre

"The Good Die Young," at the Odeon

"Fast and Loose," at the Dominion

As may be guessed from the title, *The Good Die Young* is sentimental about crime. Three men badly needing money meet in a City pub a fourth, who suggests robbing a post office. Good prospects: the nearby ruins and District tunnels are nicely cinematic, as is also the sum involved—£90,000. So they have a shot at it. Shots, live electric wires, possibly a sense of guilt bump them off one after another; leaving the money in an old tomb and the author in a position to moralise. Though what exactly his moral is I'm not sure: that crime is bad, perhaps, and that good chaps get involved in it; though of the four one is a real stinker, and the others—driven to it—no great shakes.

This, though not a bad-looking film, is hardly in the first or second flight of British thrillers. *Fast and Loose* revives a Ben Travers farce, and is nervously unfunny about mothers-in-law, maids, brandy, yokels, cars breaking down, husbands spending nights with other men's wives in remote inns. I managed to sit it out for three-quarters of an hour and still the husband hadn't got soaked and undressed so that his parents-in-law might burst in (as the synopsis had promised); when I remembered that just along the road, at

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the Continentale, was still to be seen *The Battleship Potemkin*, which I had missed some weeks ago through illness. I was there in such good time that I saw the end of Cocteau's *Les Enfants Terribles*; strange preparation for Eisenstein.

It has been refitted with a sound-track of music, quite well done, and cheers at the end as the mutinous battleship steams through the fleet without a shot fired: the jerkiness has been slowed down, imparting at times a faint hallucination to movement that is not unpleasant; less admirable, here and there shots have been snipped out, including the memorable close-up of the woman with blood on her pince-nez at the end of the Odessa steps sequence. But the passion and beauty of Eisenstein's masterpiece remains; once it has got loose of the introductory sub-titles, it attains the irresistible rhythms, with lulls between long swells, and a use of close-up in narrative that is as astonishing today as it was nineteen years ago. If ever there was a piece of essential film-making, this is it. No one, not even Eisenstein, ever reached as high in sound; and were I director of a Film Academy I should require every pupil, not only to study *The Battleship Potemkin* for a term, but to make at least one silent film as a training in the elements of narrative. In its present revival *Potemkin* has run nearly two months and still isn't finished and I am sure that, if some sort of general release were possible, it would capture large audiences even among the dope-queues.

The week's other revival of Renoir's *La Grande Illusion* had a double interest, since it forms part of our re-discovery of Stroheim. Here, as prison camp commandant in an old castle, he is aristocratic, gentle, regretful that active years should be over and nobility on the wane; an injured spine and a steel collar with chin-cup add to his customary rigidity. A volume of Casanova lies in the dressing-room of the chapel that is his bedroom, and he sprays himself with scent before striding out to bark commands at the soldiery. It is a strange film, seeming to meander and to diverge into by-paths of fantasy; yet I don't know that any film gives better the sense of broken illusions and exhausting and distantly imposed hatred that marks every great war. Here, in a quiet yet constricting refuge, war seems to go on and on and on. The film does a little too, but with the fine waywardness of its creator.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

LOOK AND LISTEN

CERTAIN portfolios in foreign governments seem automatically to strike the English as intrinsically risible. The traditional instance would probably be ministries of fine arts; the topical one is certainly the Egyptian Ministry of National Guidance. National guidance! Whoever heard of such a thing! Nobody guides us, and that there should be a ministry to do so is for the English the sort of nonsense that accords with majors so regardless of their rank and dignity that they allow themselves to be photographed dancing in their drawers. Nobody guides us: we merely see the sweet reasonableness of what is suggested to us.

Today, the most efficient vehicle of suggestion is the B.B.C. It is indeed the nearest thing we have to a Ministry of National Guidance, and before long its efforts will be seconded by the Independent Television Authority, which will be independent only of the B.B.C., not of the new orthodoxy the B.B.C. expresses and embodies. Doubtless, as an instrument of national guidance the B.B.C. is infinitely more subtle and more gentle than Major Salem's ministry. Its constitution and its peculiar relation to Parliament and authority also make it much more ambiguous and equivocal. Why, one can't help asking, do certain programmes occur exactly at the time they do, in the circumstances in which they do, on the particular programme they do?

Last week in the Third, in a talk called *The Great Deterrent*, Mr. Donald McLachlan was discussing Marshal of the Royal Air Force Sir John Slessor's two recent talks, *The Revolution in Strategy*. If I understand him aright—and at the time of writing the text of his talk has not been published—Mr. McLachlan was urging, among other things, the necessity of a general public understanding of the implications of Sir John's thesis and the proposals he derived from it. The mystery, however, is not in Mr. McLachlan's comments but in Sir John's talks. In the first of them he gave it as his opinion that, "with the advent of the near-sonic and super-sonic aeroplane allied to the atomic, and soon the hydrogen, bomb," "total war as we have known it in the past forty years is a thing of the past." Now if Field-Marshal Lord Montgomery had said anything like this it would, one fancies, have been news. Sir John Slessor's talk was not reported in *The Times* or in the other dailies I regularly see. His second talk, in which he proposed a new Locarno pact against aggression based on a strategic bomber force armed with the atomic and the hydrogen bombs, was reported. But practically three weeks passed before the B.B.C. let loose a critic on Sir John.

The best comment on all this is the fact that *Time* thought Sir John Slessor's two talks were worth three columns in its issue of March 1st—that, and the rather subtle but perfectly understandable error *Time* fell into. *Time* presumed, as anyone surely must, that the the talks "had the blessing, if not the backing, of the British Government." It further showed the pattern of events in which the talks fell: the broadcasts immediately preceded the publication of the White Paper on defence, which announced that the R.A.F. is building a fleet of strategic bombers capable of using the atomic bomb. This, *Time* commented, "represents a considerable victory, won in disregard of popular British opinion, for a group of professional strategists led by a famed airman: Marshal of the Royal Air Force Sir John Cotesworth Slessor."

Time errs, however, at one point: in describing Sir John's talks as "a major B.B.C. broadcast." So they were, of course, in content; but assuredly not in presentation. There were no trumpets for Sir John. The talks were put out in the Third, with no more publicity than normally attends Third Programme talks. And there exactly is the mystery. If you want to reach the people of England by broadcasting you don't talk in the Third: you talk after the nine o'clock news on Sunday evening in the Home Service. Why didn't Sir John? There was nothing in the talks that was difficult to understand; they weren't at all "Third" in matter or manner of delivery; and certainly what they said was of the most urgent importance to everyone. Why then the Third?

One can only guess. Was the Third chosen as certain suburban cinemas are chosen by film companies in the United States for what are called "sneak previews"? Or was the content of the talks judged to be too terrifying in its implications for release to a huge popular audience; in which case listeners to the Third might be regarded as an *élite* from which Sir John's thesis could filter down to the innocents below? Or was it simply that some obvious deductions from the talks that anyone could make were inconveniently awkward for the Government? Remember, Sir John was discussing the change in strategy that he considers must arise from the alliance between the near-sonic bomber and the atomic and hydrogen bombs. "The Germans," Sir John said, "must know that what it took us five years to do to them last time, we could do—and much more—in five days another time: and nothing could stop it." For "we" read "they"—and who, after hearing those words, is likely still to remain unshaken in his belief in the efficacy of Civil Defence or to rush off to become an atomic air raid warden?

Well, it is anyone's guess. But if, as on the face of it would seem reasonable, Sir John Slessor was not appearing in the Third Programme by chance, then we have a fine example of the Third being put to a new use. Guide the *élite*, and perhaps the *élite* will guide the rest of us!

WILLIAM SALTER

Correspondence

EGYPT AND THE SUDAN

SIR,—Having recently returned from the Sudan, I find your article, "Churchill, Nasser and Neguib" makes strange reading. To suggest that the Sudanese were influenced in their decision to hold a political demonstration by Sir Winston's policy of "inactivity" is seriously to underestimate their intense pre-occupation with their own affairs. Indeed, the most striking fact about the Sudan is the lack of interest in this country. By the February Agreement Great Britain pledged itself not to intervene in the affairs of the Sudan. The British have loyally carried out that pledge and the Independence Movement is therefore no longer worrying about us. That fight is won.

Egypt also signed the February Agreement. But not the most enthusiastic supporter of the present Cairo regime can deny that it has continually violated its pledge of non-interference in Sudanese affairs. Money and propaganda have been poured into the Sudan before, during and since the general election. I have space only to mention a few recent examples. There was the trade exhibition and fun fair, organised with the avowed intention of stimulating pro-Egyptian sentiment. There was the gratuitous promise of arms for the Sudan Defence Force. There is the continual stream of "visitors" from Egypt, all paid for by Cairo. Most sinister, because the whole viability of the Sudan depends on the continued success of the nationalised Gezira Cotton Scheme, was the effort to rig the price at cotton auctions. The Omdurman wireless station, previously as impartial as the B.B.C., has been converted by the Government into a pro-Egyptian propaganda station. It is no wonder that supporters of Independence should have decided to hold a demonstration to show that there is opposition to Egyptian penetration of the Sudan. And what more appropriate time and place than at the airport when General Neguib visited Khartoum?

To hold political demonstrations against the policy of the Government is an unquestioned right in democratic countries. We had many anti-Chamberlain demonstrations. Everyone regrets that the Khartoum demonstration ended in bloodshed, but there is no evidence to support your statement that it was "carefully organised" as "an armed riot." All observers agree that at the airport the demonstration was orderly and showed no inclination to violence. Quite what happened outside the Palace to arouse such passion that many were killed we do not know. Probably no one does. But we do know it was not the purpose of the demonstration "to frustrate by violence the opening of Parliament." On the contrary, the Opposition were critical and suspicious of the Government's delay in assembling Parliament.

Your statement that the demonstration "had everything to do with the abject failure of the Umma Party at the recent general election" and your description of Parliament as "dominated by a pro-Egyptian majority" suggests that you are judging the strength of the Independence Movement by the votes cast for Umma, and the strength of pro-Egyptian support by the votes cast for the National Union Party. If so, this would lead you to underestimate the strength of the Independence Movement, which cuts across party lines.

The political pattern is complicated by the religious feud between the Khatmiya, the orthodox Islam sect whose religious leader Sayed Sir Ali El-Mirghani supports the National Union Party, and the Ansar, the heterodox sect whose religious leader Sayed Sir Abdel Rahman El-Mahdi, supports the Umma. Voting, therefore, in Islamic Sudan, was largely by religion. It would be a grave mistake to suppose that Khatmiya adherents, because they voted NUP, are "pro-Egyptian." During the election Mr. Ismail Azhari, Leader of the N.U.P., now Prime Minister, had to soften his policy to a picturesque description of Egypt and Sudan living side by side "as brothers" each with complete authority in his own house.

The N.U.P. is, in fact, an uneasy coalition of the small Ashigga group, led by Mr. Azhari, who are in close contact with Egypt, and the adherents of Khatmiya who, although they bring in a comfortable number of votes, are an embarrassment to the N.U.P. because of their desire for independence. This dichotomy is reflected in the Government. The Prime Minister is going to have a hard time finding a formula for relations with Egypt which will satisfy the divergent points of view in his own Parliamentary Party.

One doesn't need to be long in the Sudan to realise that the desire for independence is widespread and deeply felt, or to know that the Khartoum demonstration was aimed against the Cairo attempt to influence self-determination in favour of union with Egypt.

PATRICIA STRAUSS

1 Kensington Palace Gardens,
London, W.8.

[We are in entire agreement with the conclusions reached by Mrs. Strauss in her last paragraph. Indeed they have often been stressed in these pages. Where we differ is about what actually happened during the riots in Khartoum. Like Mrs. Strauss, we can only rely on the reports of a number of trustworthy correspondents who were actually present. All of them agree that Abdel Rahman El-Mahdi collected a huge crowd of armed and primitive tribesmen to demonstrate against Neguib. In the conditions of the Sudan, bloodshed would seem the natural result.—ED., *N.S. & N.*]

GERMAN REARMAMENT

SIR,—Your comment last week on the Brussels Conference of European Socialist Parties may have conveyed the impression that the German Social Democratic Party is opposed to rearmament. As the attitude of the S.P.D. is often misunderstood may I quote the words used by Erich Ollenhauer, Chairman of the S.P.D., on February 25?

"The Social Democratic Party in Germany accordingly finds it necessary to maintain its rejection of the E.D.C. but insists that this does not mean the rejection of military defence. Already in 1952 the Social Democratic Party in conference committed itself explicitly to a system of collective security with all its implications, in rights and duties. It should be noted, however, that as long as the political unity of Germany has not been restored the Federal Republic of West Germany can only take part in joint efforts to secure the peace of the free world on the basis of equal rights, equal title to security and the assurance of national interests, the recognition by all participating states of the German claim to reunification and support by them for the endeavour of the Federal Republic to achieve unity in peace, and, finally, no commitment of the government of a reunited Germany to treaty obligations assumed by the Federal Republic. In view of the special situation created by the division of Germany the Federal Republic must in particular call for commitments linking the defensive power of the United States and Great Britain with that of the West German Republic."

In short, the S.P.D. supports a West German defence contribution on the conditions stated above, but opposes E.D.C. because it considers that E.D.C. does not fulfil those conditions.

10a Alexandra Court, W.9. SAUL ROSE

SIR,—Before the war I used to correspond with and see and disagree with a German student who was an official of the Nazi party. During the war I happened to be in places where the Germans were the principal enemies being shot at. After the war I was an interpreter in German for a year with the army. My wife has spent over half her life in Germany. My father-in-law has a business in West Berlin, and we have a relation (whom I have no reason to like, either for himself or his opinions) who is an official in East Berlin. My whole adult life has been marked by dealings, military and social, with Germans, whether Nazi, non-Nazi, or post-Nazi; and consequently by reflections what ought to be done about Germany.

And yet I find myself quite unable to understand what is being done about Germany now. Reading *Hansard* does not help me. There I read that Germans must have a sovereign army like other peoples to make them happy, but that the army which we will

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give them will not be sovereign; so that we shall both make them unhappy and give them the means to make their unhappiness dangerous. One member takes comfort in the fact that France never broke out again quite so badly after one good orgy under Napoleon; not reflecting what Louis Napoleon might have done with atom bombs. I have made a long list of such points, but must get on to more positive business.

If told that I cannot prevent German rearmament "for ever," may I say I will be happy to discuss arrangements "for ever" in the next life. In this life we have to live from decade to decade. For the moment the only difficulty in preventing German rearmament is the difficulty of getting the correct votes cast in Paris and (is it too much to hope?) in the House of Commons.

Certainly if it is proposed to limit German rearmament at any level at all, the most practical level to do it is nil. In my experience Germans are much less energetic and ingenious in taking the first of a series of steps than in taking the subsequent steps, and the pressure to obtain *any* army will be academic compared with the pressure, once an army is there, to make it the most advanced lethal instrument in the world. . . .

AN ELECTOR

SIR,—I read Professor Cole's article on German rearmament with considerable interest, but I feel he has misunderstood the meaning of the Berlin Conference. In this the Russians, no less than the Americans, demonstrated a belief that the best way of guarding peace is through collective security, with balanced forces on either side of a clearly defined frontier.

Mr. Molotov made no proposal for a united Germany that was acceptable either to Adenauer or the Social Democratic opposition. Mr. Cole seems to take it for granted that Russia wants a neutralised Germany In point of fact such a Germany would represent a considerable risk to the Soviet Union. Even when unarmed and forbidden to make alliances, Germany's sympathies, and the bulk of her trade, would be with the Western, and not the Soviet Bloc. And who could guarantee, judging by the experience of 1918-1939, that a reunited Germany would for long abide by conditions imposed by the Four Powers and resist the temptation to rearm?

Much as I would like to believe, as Mr. Cole does, that we could create a reunited Germany living at peace with both West and East, this view strikes me, after the Berlin Conference, as being quite unrealistic.

P. W. SUMMERSCALE

HENRY MOORE

SIR,—Although he is likely to have 90 per cent. following, your bold art critic may well shake in his shoes, for he has been severely sat upon by two art experts—one a painter art critic, the other a Gallery director.

Both Mr. Heron and Mr. Robertson make such audacious and startling statements for your readers to ponder over, that it seems only fair to ask these two by what standards do they judge a work of art?

Mr. Robertson reckons that prizes gained by an artist are proof of greatness; then what about the fantastic prize of £4,500 awarded for the fantastic "invention in wire" of the unknown political prisoner?

Alloway and the Burns' Memorial on the banks of the Doone may be a far cry, but I am thinking of the two famous life-size stone figures of Tam O'Shanter and Souter Johnnie placed there in a small pavilion in the grounds.

Could not these be loaned for a period to the Whitechapel Gallery and stood alongside Mr. Moore's King and Queen, with a ballot box in the room for East and West-enders to vote for eighteenth-century or twentieth-century sculpture—realistic against abstract art?

The two figures are the work of James Thom, born in 1802, a self-taught sculptor, a native of Tarbolton. He had learned his trade as a mason in Kilmarnock.

In 1828 a Mr. Auld, living in Ayr, commissioned Thom to do a statue of Tam O'Shanter and bought him a block of stone for the purpose.

So good was the figure (a local farmer sat as model) that Mr. Auld suggested a companion statue of Souter Johnnie. Before the figures were handed over to the trustees of the Burns' Monument, Mr. Auld took them for exhibition to Edinburgh, Glasgow, London and other places, and £3,600 was realised through showing them. From this amount Mr. Auld gave the young mason another £660.

To bring the figures to London again and show them side by side with the King and Queen would be an interesting experiment, and probably bring Mr. Robertson quite as much as they brought Mr. Auld over a century ago.

ALFRED MUNNINGS

The Athenæum, W.1.

SIR,—Am I perhaps alone among your readers in being frightened at the level to which the debate on the arts has sunk in your journal? As far as I understand it the gentlemen concerned in the brouhahah of March 6, Messrs. Heron and Robertson, are both professional intellectuals, and it would therefore not be unfair in any way to look critically at the propositions contained in their letters. Mr. Heron's is constructed largely of floss and Mr. Robertson's entirely in journalese. Even if we assume that your readers are all as bright as buttons they will have a hard time of it extracting the pith.

1. Mr. Heron holds that criticism is invalidated by bias. Would it be possible for a critic to be any different from the rest of us, with particular experience and with individual bias? Can Mr. Heron point to an example of unbiased criticism, and has it any colour if he can?

2. Mr. Berger "runs down" Moore, and THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION is thus an ally of the stupid Tory Press. Mr. Heron should have stuck longer at his algebra, and he wouldn't be guilty of such a bloomer.

3. Why does Mr. Heron want to protect works of art from criticism? Works of art are not greenfly and criticism is not insecticide. If good work won't survive bad criticism how do any of these gents dare criticise at all?

4. I am as sorry as Mr. Robertson that Henry Moore has been ill, but what on earth has that to do with it?

5. The fact that Moore is honoured throughout the civilised world makes nonsense of Mr. Berger's attack on him. Does it? In the history of criticism has God always been so firmly on the side of the big battalions?

6. The end of Mr. Robertson's letter is, for those who reach it, the most valuable. Could he tell us more about the "social realist" painters that bored and embarrassed the people of East London? THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION owes it to Mr. Robertson and he owes it to us to print at greater length his experiences in this field. Who were the painters shown; were they shown in the Whitechapel Gallery, and when; who made the comments, and what were they? Perhaps, also, if it does not betray his position as Director, he could tell us how many people visit the Whitechapel Gallery, and how many of them come from the East London itself.

EDWARD WALTON

ELTHAM HILL

SIR,—To represent Miss Horsbrugh's Eltham Hill decision as a Tory ruse to protect middle-class privilege against the march of classless education is too simple. There is nothing especially "Tory" about the widespread doubts felt on educational grounds as to the wisdom of establishing mammoth secondary schools on the American model. In any case, it was a Tory Minister, Mr. Butler, who gave his name to the Act under which these schools can be set up.

There is also nothing especially Tory about the widespread dismay occasioned by the fate of the maintained Grammar schools under the Butler Act. The independent schools, some of them perhaps friendly to the Tory cause, have long suffered from the intellectual competition of the Grammar schools, and have no great love for them.

Nor have I noticed, in the course of my 14 years' teaching at three Grammar schools, that these schools are especially middle-class. The great majority of the boys came from very poor homes. If the brainier pupils recruited from the working-class are enabled to become middle-class, that is due, not to the special character of the schools, but to the organisation of society and the almost universal wish among all classes for social betterment. Comprehensive schools will not eradicate that wish: they may even nourish it. If you are right in saying that Eltham Hill School is middle-class, that can only be because it serves a middle-class district; it should be made quite clear that, since the abolition of fees in maintained schools, no Head can possibly accept or reject pupils on grounds of social class.

The Grammar schools have done a very great deal for the working-class during the past 50 years. If they are allowed to suffer further decline, or eclipse, the working-class will get worse, not better, education. And so long as independent schools are allowed to maintain, and improve, their position—so long, that is, as you can contract out of comprehensive secondary education because of money but not because of brains—it is nonsense to talk about classless education.

Chalfont St. Giles. JAMES REEVES

CHEKHOV TRANSLATIONS

SIR,—In your issue of February 6, 1954, Mary Horton challenges the statement in my introduction to *The Woman in the Case and Other Stories*, by Chekhov (translated by April FitzLyon and Kyril Zinovieff) that the stories have never before been published in English. She lists four (out of the twenty-three) and makes the point that one of them, *The Eve of the Trial*, has been translated twice (once by Constance Garnett). I am interested to learn that one of the four appeared in an anthology of stories by different Russian writers in 1925. One story of the remaining three quoted by Miss Horton still reposes in the files of your journal and has never been published in book form; another (*The Eve of the Trial*) has, it seems, been similarly restricted to the columns of an American magazine. However, contrary to Miss Horton's belief, there is no Constance Garnett version of that particular story, while in dealing with the remaining story, Miss Horton has utterly confused *The Lottery Ticket* (1887) (which has of course been translated by Constance Garnett) with "75,000" (1884), which has not. In my introduction which, by the way, is not a bibliography, I added the words "to my knowledge" when speaking of English versions of Chekhov's stories. In my belief that none of those few stories had been published in English, I am in good company: Robert Hingley (*Chekhov*—1950) and David Magarschak (*Chekhov—A Life*—1952), both give a comprehensive list of English translations in which none of the above is mentioned. In conclusion, I regret that your reviewer quoted from the blurb on the jacket for which I am in no way responsible, and not from my introduction for which I am. The translators fully associate themselves with this letter.

16 Howitt Road, A. G. COLIN
London, N.W.3.

THE "MAD" HATTER

SIR,—"These are deep waters, Watson." Even more interesting than the fact that Holmes apparently never said "Elementary, my dear Watson," is the fact that he is quoted as doing so in *Bartlett's Familiar Quotations*—the present co-editor of which is Christopher Morley, leader of the cult of Holmes in America. *Bartlett* refers the tag to *The Crooked Man*, the English edition of which (in *The Complete Short Stories*) contains only "my dear Watson" and "Elementary!" at several sentences distance. Query: is there a different American edition?

Though Allan M. Laing deserves thanks for raising this topic, his objection to describing Carroll's Hatter as "the Mad Hatter" is pure pedantry. "'In *that* direction,' the Cat said, waving its right paw round, 'lives a Hatter; and in *that* direction, waving the other paw, 'lives a March Hare. Visit either you like; they're both mad.'" (Carroll seems to have given a new lease of life to the phrase "mad as a hatter," but it was well known before: see *Pendennis*.)

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Miscellany

★

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Spring Books Supplement

A COUNTERBLAST TO SCIENCE FICTION

THE lunatic fringe of humanity seems to be stimulated by news of Outer Space. Perhaps the astronomers who use optical telescopes suffer less than those of us who use radio waves to study the heavens. In any case, a large waste-paper basket is an essential piece of apparatus for anyone using a radio telescope. My own has collected a considerable miscellany over the years. It overflows with flying saucers, and sometime ago it began to collect communications from people dealing in "science fiction".

At first I was mystified. I could not understand why "science fiction" clubs, whose members were without scientific training or qualifications, should persistently try to visit us at the Jodrell Bank Experimental Station. My enlightenment came by way of America. There, apparently, a bridgehead existed. The editor of a scientific journal expressed his appreciation of a technical contribution I had sent him by intimating that large numbers of dollars could be paid for science fiction stories. Unfortunately, I have no talent for writing fiction, scientific or otherwise, but I was glad to get his letter because it explained what science fiction was. It was not, I gathered, necessarily anything to do with lunacy, but rather the modern atomic power, rocket version of Jules Verne and H. G. Wells. More than that, it's a new craze. Fortunes are being made in America. Great Britain is behind—as the *Bookseller* wrote recently, "In S.F. (Science Fiction) the trade is now trying to catch up with the customer." (How very unfortunate that the customer is always right.) The trade is catching up by reprinting the American output. The output over here is so far below the demand that the British Science Fiction Book Club (SFBC) is being forced to republish some of the "classics," and it seems inevitable that during the course of the next few years the fiction shelves of our bookshops will take on a new look.

The investigation of the cause of this new literary phenomenon will provide a fruitful study for the sociologists and psychologists. Here, I'm more concerned with the science fiction itself. Does it assume the mantle of Wells and Stapledon, or is it just third-rate magazine mumbo-jumbo—sex and the atomic pistol version of the cowboy? Recently I've read a random selection of 50 stories classed as science fiction, published in Great Britain during 1953. Nearly all were American in origin, and since the British publishers are presumably likely to take the pick of the American output, an analysis of these 50 should provide a fair index of the level of this new literature. The reading task itself was not particularly onerous since 48 of the stories were short. Only two were of novel length and these had to be consigned to the wastepaper basket.

> Explosion! Concussion! The vault doors burst open. And deep inside, the money is racked ready for pillage, rapine, loot. Who's that? Who's inside the vault? Oh God! The Man with No Face! Looking. Looming. Silent. Horrible. Run . . . . Run . . . .
>
> Run, or I'll miss the Paris Pneumatique and that exquisite girl with her flower face and figure of passion. . . .

And so on, the year being A.D. 2301, with a man called Samuel Atkins appearing on the second page. Some people must have struggled through the 224 pages of this book since, according to the publisher's blurb, it was voted the outstanding science fiction novel of the Eleventh World Science Fiction Convention. One can only attribute this success to the rarity of the novel in science fiction. Perhaps the new authors are striving desperately to jump on the bandwaggon and consider it bad strategy to absorb their energies and time on the novel. In any case, one can only judge contemporary science fiction from the short story.

These short stories appear to be a mixture of three-quarters trash and the remainder readable, provided one is willing to suffer frequent nausea. An analysis of the sample under consideration yields the following data. Forty per cent. were fantasies of the remote future—the Twenty-first century and beyond; the setting of 20 per cent. was contemporary, and 25 per cent. were concerned with some date in the second half of this century. The remainder were uncertain. Those stories dealing with the remote future are generally worthless, perhaps because they are so improbably fantastic. About a third had a predominantly sex interest—all low-class magazine stories. As for the scientific interest I was surprised to find that 60 per cent. were either biological or psychological fantasies. The remainder were concerned with the paraphernalia of physics and engineering—space ships and atomic energy—subjects which might have been expected to predominate. War (generally atomic) occupied 20 per cent. of the stories and the human race was extinguished in 14 per cent. Nearly all the physics and engineering fantasies were concerned with space travel.

The majority of these stories can be rejected immediately as worthless—they are simply humdrum gangster stuff, generally on an interplanetary scale. In these the clap-trap of science is used without understanding and their themes are scientifically inane. Some of the remainder are readable—a few show considerable understanding of scientific possibilities, but are worthless as literature.

> Like all other manually operated observatory domes in the world, the one on the ten inch at Western Tech opened only with the utmost reluctance. At length in response to an effort worthy of a superman, Stoddard forced the shutter back revealing the constellation of Cygnus sprawling across the meridian.

So Philip Latham writes in one of the contemporary stories. But for H. G. Wells—"The slit was a profound transparent blue, in which six stars shone with tropical brilliance, and their light lay, a pallid gleam, along the black tube of the instrument."

The attention of Wells's astronomer—

> was concentrated upon the great blue circle of the telescope field—a circle powdered, so it seemed, with an innumerable multitude of stars, and all luminous against the blackness of its setting. As he watched he seemed to himself to be incorporeal, as if he too were floating in the ether of space . . .

But Philip Latham's astronomer—

> breathing heavily—turned the dome until Jupiter came into the centre of the opening, a gleaming yellow stoplight amongst the faint stars of Aquarius. Then swinging the telescope around on the pier as if it were an anti-aircraft gun, he sighted along the tube until the planet came darting into the field of view.

This comparison epitomises the gulf which separates the contemporary writers from Wells, even in one of his slightest and shortest stories. However, for the strap-hanging readers for whom literary refinements in the description of the universe may not be important, an ingenious treatment of scientific ideas can be found in a few of the stories. Latham's *The Xi Effect* is a good example. It is a story set in the physicist's world of space-time in which a local contraction causes a successive and steady cut-off of all radiation until finally there is no light. The author's achievement in weaving such abstract ideas into his story is considerable. There are a few other examples in which the author obviously understands his science sufficiently to make an imaginative story, and these are sharply distinguished from those who talk about "geigers" as though they were dealing with oranges, and are chiefly concerned with the blue eyes of the beautiful Venusian.

Nevertheless, even the best of the contemporary stories are strangely circumscribed and encumbered by the devices and fears of our age. There is a uniform forlornness and hopelessness, ending in tragedy and futility even when war is absent. The stories are insidiously horrific and a protracted reading of science fiction is a nightmare effort. In one of Wells's most dramatic short stories "the star" collides with Neptune and seems destined to destroy the earth. But after the destruction of much of Asia it begins to recede. The human catastrophe is great but not complete, and at the end we read of the "new brotherhood that grew presently among men, of the saving of laws and books and machines. . . ." But for Ray Bradbury the end is inexorable:

> Smoke and silence. Dawn shone faintly in the east. In the ruins, one wall stood alone. Within the wall a voice said over and over again, even as the sun rose to shine upon the heaped rubble and steam: "Today is April 29th, 1985, Today is April 29th, 1985, Today is. . . ."

The contemporary author offers his readers no hope.

Robert Heinlein has achieved some compro-

mise between the short story and the novel in his "Future History" series. Heinlein is writing to a plan. He has drawn up a large wall chart of the detailed pseudo-history of the period 1950 to A.D. 2600. The first volume, *The Man Who Sold the Moon*, takes us by means of six stories from 1950 to 1978 and the first landing on the moon. There is a certain degree of continuity of events and characters, and much of this book is reasonably plausible—there is, for example, no reason in principle why man should not take a rocket to the moon by 1978. To achieve his purpose Heinlein has no need to promulgate a scientific absurdity such as Wells's *Cavorite*, and yet his treatment of the theme of the first man on the moon is severely practical, capitalistic and utterly arid compared with the Wellsian fantasy. Where Wells found a complex society of Selenites, Heinlein finds only diamonds.

There is, then, little good to be said on behalf of this modern craze. The production of the books, containing the collections of these stories, matches their contents which would be far better left to the transient existence of such magazines as *Astounding Science Fiction*. The very title of this magazine, which seems to be a fruitful source of the short stories, is repellent. One would think that contemporary science, from the atomic nucleus to the extra-galactic nebulæ, was sufficiently exciting and fantastic. But no! Not even with the Fiction added—it has to be Astounding as well.

Until authors emerge who have worked the streaks of atomic gangsterism out of their systems, the SFBC would be well advised to concentrate on reviving the classics of Wells and Olaf Stapledon. But one fears that the contagion has already spread across the Atlantic. Authors and publishers are discovering a new source of cheap money in these literary exploitations of modern science—and particularly in flying saucers, perhaps the most insidious of all forms of science fiction. Until the craze burns out one's last plea is that those with children should keep their science fiction on a high shelf.

A. C. B. LOVELL

FIVE POEMS

AT THE MIRROR

Ah yes, the heartache friend
Out there before you:
The light-handed
World-worn
Nimble-witted
Thrice-born
Comprehending, leisurable mind;
All yours and
Eager to adore you.

Turn up the light!
O it is you there
You again
To whom each care:
The dodging hope
The thin insight
The narrowed scope
The famished wish
The maiming shame
The bare despair
So freely came!

Who is the third
Stands by without a word?
Who watches this mistake?
How see the familiar I
Peep almost hourly at itself
Then sigh
Then steal and steel its own one eye:
In this world wake
In that world sleep
Both pervious to the old heartache!
——Who weaves this spell?——
How see all this and yet not see as well!

I. A. RICHARDS

ADRIATIC

i

As the poem drifts under the cry of the sea
He drowns beneath its images of water,
The brilliant foam unfrozen
Out of a fatal pearl.

At once, uncontrolledly blown by the black wind
The images try to make their own poem
And the whole Id flowers
In a tumultuous rose.

He must seek other waters, the chalk stream,
The Maggiore blue, or even in desert moments
The tang of a brackish fountain,
But still the water of life.

ii

Requiring no agony of accuracy
Its method of completeness sets against
The white wake of a ship
The whole harmonious sea.

iii

Into its essence, then, the poem must welcome
The natural luminosities and idylls:
A sea as cool as glass,
Monte Gargano's blue ridge;
The greatness of soul of all great writers must
Haunt and inform it, their close approach to freedom,
Like Turgenev creating
The world from a girl's tears;

Yes, all sensuousness and scepticism
Formed under discipline and passion into
The Apollonian and Dionysian
Intensities of light and darkness. . . .

The sun instils solidity and shallowness
Into these formed rocks and this living sea
And below it lies a land
Of the usual trees and passions,

And these rich materials await their shaper
To create among its scaldings and obsessions
The clear Promethean spirit
Through a broken, tragic age.

ROBERT CONQUEST

TRAVEL POEM

Riding it out on the world's wave,
Will-guided speck on a flood tide,
Afloat by frailty I can feel
A fellow-feeling for the frail:
Failings and feelings keep one close.

To taste the world is a good thing,
To taste the grape and try the grain
Under the towering cloud of peace,
And local people best provide
Sense, goodness, context, calm, release.

Having burnt a candle at that shrine,
Ascetic science may go on
Riding the shadowy cockleshell
Quite unvainglorously toward
Remote sensation, further doom:

This is my measuring rod beside
Yon heavenly circumference
And soberly will bear me hence.

CHARLES MADGE

LETTER VI: A DAY THE WIND WAS HARDLY

A day the wind was hardly
Shaking the youngest frond
Of April I went on
The high moor we know.
I put my childhood out
Into a cocked hat
And you moving the myrtle
Walked slowly over.
A sweet clearness became.
The Clyde sleeved in its firth
Reached and dazzled me.
I moved and caught the sweet
Courtesy of your mouth.
My breath to your breath.
And as you lay fondly
In the crushed smell of the moor
The courageous and just sun
Opened its door.
And there we lay halfway
Your body and my body
On the high moor. Without
A word then we went
Our ways. I heard the moor
Curling its cries far
Across the still loch.

The great verbs of the sea
Come down on us in a roar.
What shall I answer for?

W. S. GRAHAM

VOX HUMANA

I gied ye words and deeds,
I gied ye bluid,
I took the dule o man to be mine ains,
My hert ye burst on Hailie Rude
And in the mools ye (kyndlie) watered my white banes.

Humilitie I had was but the Lyon's pride,
Puirtith that was the sperit's tresorie,
Hameless, in the armoured wuids was my regalitie,
Nakit, my brether's luve was fur and goun,
Huntit, my words like arrows rade them doun.

My name is nameless and aa names I hae—
In Athens took the cup o hemlock-bane
And wi the Jew was hangit on a tree,
They cried me Wallace beaten til my knees,
Wi Muir I plantit Trees o Libertie.

Hardie kent me, and the Graham
And syne I soupt my jail-brose wi Maclean,
I am aa men that raised a cry
Will neer be stilled agin man's tyrannie—
My luvers' words are breathed by men in chains.

The campiouns by me are set on hie
And by my will tak their auctoritie,
Beggar up and ither beggar doun—
Yea tis aa the same, tis I maun aye brak stane
And I that tholes the campioun's traitorie.

In slum and cot I'm born in saiklessness,
My manheid kens the lash that getts cupiditie,
And when at length in daith I win release
The world turns owre and derns its face
And God dreams o a new Infinitie.

In ilka bairntime there's ane
Has heard my leid, and sae will be again—
I gied ye my bluid, my life, my daith with gyve-airns lade,
I took the dule o man to be mine ain,
I live, I dree, I dee, I live again;
Thy debts are wechtie, thrall!—I fain wad hae remeid!

SYDNEY GOODSIR SMITH

Mools, grave; *puirtith*, poverty; *tholes*, endures; *campiouns*, champions; *saiklessness*, innocence; *getts*, breeds; *derns*, hides; *leid*, message; *dree*, endure.

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PRIVATE LIVES

Friends Apart. By PHILIP TOYNBEE. *MacGibbon & Kee.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

This exceedingly well-written and absorbing book is a memoir of the Thirties written in the form of Mr. Philip Toynbee's recollections of his friendship with two very different young men of the period: Esmond Romilly and Jasper Ridley. Both of them were killed in the war. Mr. Toynbee is an egoist; he is the compere who precedes these two living people as they enter and explains them as they depart. They exist fragmentarily as they are related to himself. There is some artifice in the point of view and to the reader who did not know this set, the impression will be of two characters suspended in mid-Toynbee, rather than in their time and place. As he says: "For me—for me alone—they curiously balanced each other, created the pattern of that magnetic field which was the area of my own life. Neither of them saw himself fulfilling this particular role." The word "role," repeated very many times in different contexts throughout this narrative, points to a major preoccupation. Life is an intrigue of which Mr. Toynbee is to have the key, assigning the parts. The result is that, after a lively beginning, the portraits become dim, especially Jasper Ridley's—and our interest is taken up by Mr. Toynbee's own brilliant piece of autobiographical *parti-pris*. If he seems to overvalue the significance of these two young men as figures of the Thirties, that was a characteristic of the universities and public schools in the period. The upper middle classes have always overvalued their culture heroes, from Nanny onwards, and in the Thirties the cult of personal relationships gave a mystique to the parish pump. Not a bad thing, perhaps: the cult preserved people in the political debacle of the Spanish War and the war that followed, at any rate in England.

The main theme is familiar: three young men with aristocratic connections, rebel violently against their families, their class, their public schools and universities, and turn to Communism or its fringes in the fight against Fascism. Romilly goes off to the Spanish war, Mr. Toynbee joins the Party and goes to meetings and congresses and miners' homes. Less volatile, Ridley is the detached, critical rebel. It is hard to distinguish between the rage and the fun; between the excitement of the idealist and the escapades of the black sheep. One moment one may be raising funds with blood-curdling speeches; the next one may be pacifically trying to sort out the niceties of conduct—whether or not to be a prig, whether it is better to tell the shameless and wounding truth or keep reserve; and it will all certainly lead to a deb's dance, a fatal row with hard-tried parents, a night in Bow Street, a punt on the river or a fight on a pub floor. Never did wild oats grow such lofty stalks or ones so green. Mr. Toynbee looks back on it all now with intelligence, kindness and irony, without any pleading of some personal Fifth Amendment. He has neither a bad nor blustering conscience; he does not follow the recipe of Everyman-his-own-McCarthy. The egoists' world is narrow, but it is ironical and intense.

Oddly it is Esmond Romilly who comes closer to normal than the other two idle, privileged members of the trio. He was the genuine black sheep without any temptation to become respectable mutton. He ran away from Wellington at 15, started his violent attacks on the public schools, earned his living somehow. The fact that he saw he had to deal with real life and pick up a livelihood, made him years older than the other two, who were actually older than he. He had fundamentally more realism and common sense, and some knowledge of people. Of course, he was an anarchist, by nature something of a buccaneer. There is an excellent scene in this book in which Mr. Toynbee, having run away from Rugby, meets his young master-spirit in Parton Street "dirty and ill-dressed, immensely strong for his age and size: his flat face gave the impression of being deeply scarred and his eyes flared and smouldered as he talked."

> Two days passed, so fantastic and unreal that they have left few traces in my memory. Delegates arrived at Parton Street from other Public Schools and we interviewed them in our office behind the shop. "Ledward of Charterhouse—no bloody good." "Pilkington of Lancing—he's done some good work" . . . already a headmaster had lost his nerve and expelled an *Out of Bounds* agent, already three Eton boys had resigned in a body from the O.T.C., already an assistant master had promised an article.

The work of a dynamic and drastic boy, who later was to fight in Spain and manage, with a real flair and mastery, to outwit all the emissaries of his class who tried to thwart him. The public schools had, in fact, as Mr. Toynbee says, turned out another "born leader" in inverted form. Where Esmond Romilly brusquely acted, Mr. Toynbee hesitated; I think he defines very well the underlying impulse of people like Romilly, when they went to Spain. Sassoon, Owen and Remarque had not convinced the next generation that war is dull and dispiriting. "We felt less pity than envy of a generation which had experienced so much." But once the experience was lived, then "bitter honesty" came back. No recruiting speeches!

> He was funny, but indignant too, against those breathless left wing ladies who were appearing on Spanish platforms all over England and whose clamorous call to arms reminded us of all that we had heard of the ladies of the 1914 war.

Ridley, Mr. Toynbee's other extreme, is a shadow beside this vigorous figure. He was devious, intellectually brilliant, original, reserved, discomforting in his silences. A rebel, too, but in a withdrawn fashion; scrupulous but not innocent. Where Romilly moves in the world, Ridley remains, for the most part, in Oxford cultivating the graces of the Prigs' Front, the finer points of integrity. He completes the triptych of privileged youth guilty of its privileges, sensing the coming ruin of his outdated Edwardian world and Auden's "big houses." Not for him Romilly's rude assaults on the country houses which caused so much scandal, and from which, after a gate-crashing evening, he drove off with the dubious pleasure of one who has insulted everyone:

> . . . the Romillys, if they had been pressed to defend themselves, would have seen the whole episode in a very different light. They were in a state of open and declared war against the rich and established, and to deceive and rob their hosts would have seemed to them no more shameful than for a spy in enemy country to do the same.

This envied, lawless life was not within Mr. Toynbee's powers; but neither were Ridley's detachment and withdrawal possible either.

What had all this to do with the politics of the period? Very little. The real Communists were people of stodgy propriety; in its flirtation with the flighty upper classes the Party came off second-best. The cult of personal relationships and integrity was at fundamental variance with the gloomy political tergiversations of King Street. After Spain, after Munich, there was the classic interval of romantic disillusion, and relief when the real thing succeeded the ideological shames and the personal guilts. That decade before the war which talked so much of the future and the horizon was really abolishing those words from a tolerable political or social vocabulary. The French Revolution was over and the austere spirit of comedy set in. Real tragedy, real life, in all its unprivate horror, was to follow.

Mr. Toynbee's own method is so personal, his conception of his subject so private, that it can touch only a corner of this subject. Life *can* be regarded as an affair between friends, but surely it is mainly directed, even for ourselves, by people who are not our friends at all. One has to learn the art of not being related to people. And Mr. Toynbee may be said to have sacrificed the scope of his subject and left his friends vague and unknowable and unrooted, from an outsider's point of view. In this respect he suffers from being a self-centred and very literary writer. But the autobiographical part of the book is excellent, the tone just, the intelligence delightful, wise and fast in its movement.

V. S. PRITCHETT

BETWEEN CONCEPTION AND CREATION

Old Vic Prefaces. By HUGH HUNT. *Routledge.* 16*s.*

Mr. Hugh Hunt, lately director of the Old Vic, was in the habit of reading to his cast, before any production, an explanatory essay on his interpretation of the play they were to undertake together; and he now publishes these prefaces—blueprints for production he also calls them—to seven of his Shakespearean productions. Mr. Hunt is not an originating producer, a Komisarjevsky, nor even a Tyrone Guthrie, so that his interpretations are not startling, nor, frankly, particularly arresting; but they are the product of an intelligent and sensitive mind, well up in the literature both of criticism and production, and they bring a synthesis of current knowledge, reading and taste to bear on the technical problem of a particular stage performance. Addressed to actors, who are mostly trained in the realistic convention, the analyses sometimes strike a quaintly literalistic note in the definition of character ("I have spoken of Olivia's sincerity, but I do not wish to give the impression that she is incapable of sincere love" or "Ophelia has a very acute sense of right and wrong") which is probably the easiest way to get from the actors what he wants; but side by side with that he is always alive to the fact that the plays are poetry, explores the different poetic problem in each case, and leads his actors to the way of expressing this dramatically.

What strikes me as interesting is the disparity between the sweet reasonableness of Mr. Hunt's interpretations and the exaggerations in some of the actual productions which resulted from them. He lays down an admirable principle:

> Imagination and creation are necessary to production but they must be bounded by good taste and understanding of the author's intentions.

Yes, but what width of interpretation is concealed by the words "good taste" and how wilful in practice has sometimes seemed his understanding of his author's intentions! To this Mr. Hunt has a ready answer:

> These qualities of imagination and creation separate the producer from the scholar and often earn him the strictures of the critic . . . The principles of Shakespearean production must be to balance the literary appreciation with entertainment, for Shakespeare wrote his plays for an audience, not for the erudite satisfaction of the reader, the scholar and the critic.
>
> Now the taste of an audience is a changeable affair, and, like the successful *couturier*, the producer of Shakespeare must lead and satisfy public taste.

In his reference to "entertainment" and in the comparison with fashion designing, Mr. Hunt reveals that he shares some of the vices as well as the virtues of our best Shakespearean producers. Most of these defects stem from a fear (quite unjustified in fact) that an audience may be bored, especially with the better-known parts of the better-known plays, and the fashionable antidote to that is some chic little novelty of interpretation, usually comic. Mr. Hunt is in practice far more extravagant than these prefaces would suggest. I remember vividly six of the seven productions he writes about. His *Love's Labour's Lost* and *Romeo and Juliet* were without any of these kinds of excrescence. The *Hamlet* and *Julius Caesar* had few; but *Twelfth Night* and *The Merchant of Venice* were riddled with them. Yet when I turn to Mr. Hunt's introductory references to those features which I thought most dislikeable in his productions, it is always to find that his intentions were of the best and that he was usually well aware of the dangers he was courting. That band of bearded boys and dancing girls who cavorted through *Twelfth Night*—he himself warns his cast that "a crowd of this nature will need careful and tactful handling if it is not to degenerate into the chorus of a musical comedy." And though he is, alas, (in a postscript) unrepentant about them, he does admit that "perhaps we made too much play with them." Then in his *Merchant of Venice* he tried to "make something of" those

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MACMILLAN

indeterminate characters Salerio and Solanio who accompany Antonio, (from their general dimness they are known in the profession as "the Salads.") So instead of having them played in the conventional manner as young sparks he suggested in his interpretation that they should be represented as fellow merchants of Antonio's such as might be expected to accompany him "on 'change." A very reasonable notion. But unless my memory is at fault, he wasn't in the production itself content with this reasonable idea; he exaggerated them a step into funnified fuddy-duddies. It is over that crucial step between conception and creation that the shadow so often falls for the producer. One knows very well how it comes about. As rehearsals warm up, the actors, if they are creative and imaginative, add their inventions to the producer's: all sorts of additional touches, gags, bits of business, suggest themselves, and, unless the producer is firm, a quite simple and sensible idea becomes transformed into a passage of "fuss, flutter and frizz." Or an actor may not be quite able to realise a producer's idea, and his approximation may be the very thing that makes the producer's notion look foolish. The producer's lot is not a happy one. So many fallible human beings come between his interpretation and the stage performance. With most producers we know only what we see—the end result. By publishing these prefaces Mr. Hunt enables us to see both sides of the curtain. And this makes for interesting comparisons.

T. C. WORSLEY

PROT AND CAT

André Gide. By ENID STARKIE. *Bowes & Bowes.* 6*s.*

Léon Bloy. By RAYNER HEPPENSTALL. *Bowes & Bowes.* 6*s.*

Perhaps they meant to tell him some day; but while he was still of tender years Gide's parents thought it best to shield him from all knowledge of the fact that there were two faiths in France. The revelation came when he was eight years old, on his first day at the Ecole Alsacienne: at mid-morning break the boys surrounded him and asked the amazing question—"Are you a Cat or a Prot?" It had to be explained to him, not very accurately, that "Catholics are people who believe in the Holy Virgin"; and "Well, then, I'm a Prot," answered the little Gide. A few years later, when his father died, his mother went into a Babylonian exile at Montpellier; and here, on the way home from school, there were regular Gide-hunts, which have persisted to this day; the Cats viewed, pursued and caught him, and while the others held his arms the abominable Gomez, son of a travelling circus manager, rubbed a dead cat in his face. This method of conversion, which might be described as the administration of a dead cat by a live Cat, was later to be attempted by Claudel. Claudel rubbed his friend's face with the carrion of his vice; but to Gide that vice was his joy, his burden, his liberation, his revelation, "the problem which God has inscribed in my flesh." He devoted his life to the "effort to carry one's sins with one to paradise"; and this, no doubt, is one road which never leads to Rome.

The Church could not capture him, but it took what it could: his friends, Ghéon, Rivière, Copeau, Charles du Bos, his wife, his works, to read which is now a mortal sin. Yet these works are, in one of their most important aspects, a description unparalleled in modern times of the search for God, which Pascal assures us is one of the means of possessing Him: "thou wouldest not seek Me, if thou hadst not already found Me." It is permissible to see both the Catholic insistence on possession and the Protestant insistence on the search, and the eternal civil warfare of these principles, as indispensable parts of man's religious experience.

Miss Starkie has written two formative books on Baudelaire and Rimbaud; and her short study of Gide is, in miniature, a third. The purpose of too much contemporary criticism has been to bound the infinite space of a great writer within the nutshell of an abstract system; it has been dedicated to the proposition that if you get hold of the right end of the stick, it will always be possible to beat him; its exponents have been moved, one feels, by hatred, envy and fear, or desire for a Ph.D. degree, or the indelible consequences of having got one. Happy, and one hopes nevertheless successful, are Miss Starkie's pupils, who will never be taught to look down on genius through the imaginary periscope of a formula. She has always approached a work of art through the living mind that created it, and has chosen the writers with whom such an approach is most necessary. "Each of his works is an action," Gide wrote of Goethe, "and conversely, his whole life seems a work of art, and one of the finest he created; I admire not only the flower, but the plant which bears it, and nourishes it, and from which we should not detach it." He may have been thinking of himself as well as of Goethe, for Gide's is one of the great allegorical lives.

Gide himself intended, in 1905, to write about Léon Bloy. A thoroughly characteristic remark had roused his interest and horror: "what one has to do, you see," Bloy had said to a mutual friend, "is to vomit oneself—on other people." In Bloy we may see the Cat as artist; his æsthetic principle, not a wholly bad one for his special purpose, was to bring up the dead cat, like vitriol, from the depths of his own being: if it did not convert his enemies, at least it would punish and scarify them. He had a mistress who possessed special information about God's intentions. Alas, she went mad, and had to be put away; Judgment Day, on which Bloy was to be either Elijah or John the Baptist, was indefinitely postponed, and he never quite recovered from this disappointment. He visited the grave of his hero, Barbey d'Aurevilly, and was horrified to find it next door to the Jewish cemetery. He rejoiced at the recurrent disasters which burned the French aristocracy alive—the fire at the Opéra Comique, the fire at the Charity Bazaar—and he called God "He Who Burns." He claimed to have guided the iceberg which sank the *Titanic*, with its cargo of wicked millionaires. He said that money was the blood of the poor, sucked by the vampirine rich; and he saw history as a liturgy, a kind of cosmic Mass moving towards the Apocalypse. His soul was a City of God in violent disorder, full of merciless street-warfare against the weeping army of the damned.

Mr. Rayner Heppenstall's study of this deeply contaminated but irreplaceable minor genius takes the form of a spiritual autobiography, the story of Bloy's influence upon himself. It is entertaining, serious and extremely well-written, a document in the intellectual life of the last twenty years worthy for Palinurus to read in his unquiet grave.

GEORGE D. PAINTER

TOVARICH AND BLANDINGS

Half a Life: The Reminiscences of a Russian Gentleman. By COUNT BENCKENDORFF. *Richards Press.* 25*s.*

Silver Spoon. The Memoirs of LORD GRANTLEY. Edited by MARY and ALAN WOOD. *Hutchinson.* 18*s.*

The species that survives is the one that can adapt, so posterity can happily look forward to a long continuance of the civilised aristocrat of the Benckendorff sort—a rare and highly agreeable type, both tolerant and tough. Count Constantine Benckendorff spent his youth in the Russia which most of us know only through novels, and he could be forgiven for mourning a little openly for its loss. But he does not. He stayed in Russia both during and after the Revolution, doing his job as an officer in the Red Navy as he had done it under the Tsar, accepting his unexplained spells in prison with reasonable good humour, and leaving Russia with his wife (the celebrated harpist, Marie Korchinska) only in 1924, when the spells were becoming more frequent, and not to go seemed folly.

His account of his youth has all the quiet charm of a Turgenev background. We know the scenery—the immense plain, the cornland and forest, the timber house; even the names of the servants seem familiar, and photographs of the dining-room, or of a picnic at Sosnofka, are positively startling; we have seen them on every visit to a Russian play. In this family, however, there is none of the frustration and boredom of Chekhov's middle class. These people are aristocrats, however unpretentious the domestic scene, and are living their lives to the full. The father is Russian Ambassador, first in Denmark, then (for seventeen years, until his death) at the Court of St. James: he is rarely at home. His wife is always on the move about Europe, visiting exalted relations, or, when on her country estate, in a constructive frenzy of altering and improving the house. The children are taught by the village schoolmaster, and in the long summers find their own employments, the boys learning much from the peasant girls about the place, and taking their place in local politics when they are old enough, exactly as though they were going into a Tolstoy novel.

When, as a young naval officer, Count Benckendorff first visited England and was taken by his father into the houses of the great, he was struck by the ignorance and indifference of the English upper class on the subjects of agriculture and local government. It came natural to a Russian gentleman to take the keenest practical interest in his barley, and to handle a scythe at harvest time with the rest. It was also natural—indeed, essential—for him to be a member of the local Zemstvo (roughly, County Council), to be elected Marshal of Nobility for his region, and serve as chairman of every local committee. His English friends thought this more than odd: the "Souls," among whom he fell, approached barley, if at all, in an æsthetic spirit, and dismissed the thought of councils as boring and vulgar. What was enviable in this frivolous milieu was the ease with which it flowed into the artistic world, making intimates

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of poets, painters and musicians in a way undreamed of by the Russian gentry.

Count Benckendorff's recollections of the Revolution are refreshingly honest, even touched with quiet humour. Most of the time he had no idea what was going on—which is what happens to most people who live through revolutions. Only gradually did its effect on himself become apparent. His estate was confiscated (though for a time he was allowed to occupy two rooms at Sosnofka) and his life as Assistant Chief of General Staff at the Admiralty swung like a pendulum between confidential missions and spells of imprisonment. After the third incarceration (quite unexplained, and, apparently unresented, since Count Benckendorff considers the time spent in the Butirsky Jail and the Cheka's "Inner Prison" as among the most interesting and valuable of his life) he was advised to leave the Navy, and so—wonderful adaptability!—turned to the flute which had always been his greatest pleasure, and became a professional musician. It was as two musicians, bound for a long concert tour, that he and his celebrated wife eventually left Russia, and, having rediscovered friends in England, decided to remain.

Ten years younger, and a sprig of that frivolous society which had once surprised Count Benckendorff, Lord Grantley has also given us his memoirs, and a very different sort of thing they are. This is not said in disparagement; his book is highly amusing. The material is excellent, the personality witty and lovable, the intelligence acute; only that mysterious something is lacking which conveys the flavour of a wonderful talker to the printed page. Even so, Lord Grantley's adventures are peculiarly his own. He presents himself deliberately as a sort of P. G. Wodehouse lord, complete with monocle and a propensity to frightful debts and undignified disasters. He takes the worst view of himself, assumes his own incompetence in every crisis, is the butt of his own jokes. Self-denigration is one of the private jester's most telling tricks, and his friends know Richard Grantley as one of the most delightful and amusing men alive; but a stranger reading his book might well suppose that his war service, and his career first as merchant banker and then as production consultant to Mr. Rank, had been ignominious failures, funny but crushing; whereas the exact reverse is true. But then, the truth is often bizarre enough. Lord Grantley's father, for instance, eloped with his heir's wife on the first (and only) occasion of entertaining them to lunch—a startling beginning to a long and on the whole, successful marriage, of which Lord Grantley is a dry and witty fruit. Such eccentric beginnings make racy reminiscence, and if, in reading, one misses the inspired touch of the raconteur, an edited book at least is better than none.

MARGARET LANE

AMID THE ENCIRCLING BOOM

Advertising and Psychology. By LESLIE E. GILL. *Hutchinson.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

After reading Mr. Gill's book, I may perhaps be permitted to add just one more cliché: "a little learning is a dangerous thing." It is also an unsatisfying thing, for this book fails to reveal what I, for one, had hoped to learn from it. The success of advertising obviously depends upon psychological expertise, but Mr. Gill is only competent in his discussion of layout and other technicalities. His grasp of psychological principles is quite inadequate to explain how it is that when I enter a shop, I automatically ask for a product by its proprietary name. That is the essence of successful advertising and this is what one wants to know. What Mr. Gill has done is to describe rather baldly the sort of factor an advertiser takes into consideration and then to muddle the whole thing up by relating it to psychological principles which in most cases he gets wrong. Even where they are not incorrect, the exposition is so vaguely pretentious and imprecise that the "student and general reader," for whom the book is written, could gain little. We read, for example, that "life is mind" and "mind enriches our present experiences with memories of the past." There is also a thing called the unconscious mind which is a "labyrinth of forgotten events and experiences. Many believe that the source of human personality lies within its mysterious depths." This sounds like the stuff for Hollywood, but we are not allowed to plumb the mysterious depths, and move on to something pretty down to earth. "A sprained ankle," we discover, "adversely affects the feeling of well being."

Leaving psychological issues on one side, being in this respect wiser than Mr. Gill, we come to his attitude towards his trade. Mr. Gill is frankly an enthusiast and sees advertising as "an integral part in the way of life of this virile trading nation." He has no time for critics who, for instance, fear that the appeal to sex is socially harmful.

> The sex impulse . . . is a powerful determinant of human behaviour, affecting as it does the sale of a tremendous range of commodities. There is nothing unworthy in stressing the sex interest behind a commodity. The entrancing anticipations produced in the mind by words and pictures in which the sex impulse is invoked, are not in themselves evil. They only become undesirable and even repulsive when presented in a crude or vulgar fashion.

So refined sex is all right, and so is refined humour; "care must be taken, however, to conform to high standards of good taste and to present the humorous advertisement in a tactful, sympathetic and restrained style."

There is nothing intrinsically wrong with these statements, but the accumulation of the banal—"people of culture and refinement prefer the more subtle and conservative use of colour in advertisement"—of the obvious—"love and care are lavished on the newly born baby"—of the trivial—"autumn is cosy with the ideas of warmth and the excitement of a new social season about to begin"—produces an almost Beachcomber effect until one suddenly remembers that this is a serious book. It is even a book with a message:

> Good habits develop strong moral fibre. Bad habits engender weakness of will and uncertainty of temperament. Parents and teachers regard it as their bounden duty to instil good habits in the minds of the young.

The whole thing is a gigantic platitude.

It is often unfair to lampoon a book by quoting passages out of context. But here I have no qualms of conscience, for these quotations quite accurately represent the style and character of the work as a whole. Mr. Gill was no doubt requested to write it, and has done so with honesty of purpose. He has even said some interesting things on the subject of attention, but Hutchinson's University Library will not have increased its reputation, and I would be loath for any psychology student to make his first acquaintance with the subject through reading this book. If, however, he is contemplating a career in advertising, it might be a salutary experience.

ADAM CURLE

SHAKESPEARE FROM A DOODLE?

The Annotator. By ALAN KEEN and ROGER LUBBOCK. *Putnam.* 21*s.*

In 1940 Mr. Keen, who is an antiquarian bookseller, bought a job lot of uncatalogued books at a sale in Yorkshire, and found among them a copy of the 1550 issue of Hall's *Chronicle* containing 406 marginalia in an Elizabethan hand. Shakespeare is known to have drawn upon Hall as well as upon the more popular Holinshed for the material of his history plays, and it was natural that Mr. Keen should presently be asking himself whether he had made the great Shakespeare find of the age. Speculation and research into the problem appear to have occupied him ever since, and it is greatly to his credit that at the end of it all he and Mr. Lubbock have produced a wholly rational and sensibly tentative book. The annotations themselves provide for the most part only the sort of summarising phrases with which the margins of many books of the period were already provided in print. The annotator clearly despises the French and has a kindness for the Roman communion. Apart from this, nothing of his disposition appears; and one is inclined to feel that if he is indeed the young Shakespeare, then the young Shakespeare has rather let Mr. Keen down.

The argument that the notes are evidently working notes for some literary project is not easy to sustain; in the mass they suggest the uninspired industry of a recognisable underscoring and topic-jotting type. Still, there are small points of some fascination. For example, the single "doodle" in the book, which stands beside that account of an English soldier's stealing a pyx upon which Shakespeare drew for Bardolph's final misadventure in *Henry V*, represents a man with a very large nose! Unfortunately it may be argued that this is more likely to be the result of recalling the play than of projecting it. There are other points which may be similarly explained in terms of an annotator familiar with Shakespeare's plays.

Comparatively early in his investigations Mr. Keen established one important fact about the provenance of the book. An early owner had been a certain Sir Richard Newport of High Ercall, Shropshire, who died in 1570. Armed with this information, and with the expert assistance of enthusiastic friends, Mr. Keen plunged into genealogical inquiries the fruits of which are given in five extraordinarily interesting tables and engagingly commented upon in the text. As with a detective story, the results ought not perhaps to be given away. Broadly, they present certain persuasive possibilities on Shakespeare's whereabouts and employment during the "lost years." Genealogy, even when it is of Shakespeare's kinsfolk and acquaintances, suggests a subject of somewhat limited appeal. But it is made at least delightfully teasing in this pleasantly produced volume.

J. I. M. STEWART

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Philip Toynbee

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PUTNAM

List of Spring and Summer Books

THE books listed below are a selection from those which are expected for publication between now and October, 1954. For reasons of space we have had to leave out some titles announced for publication in this period, as they have already appeared in our last autumn's selected list. Books already published are not included, even if we have not yet reviewed them, nor are reprints. Some prices are, of necessity, provisional.

Art and Architecture

BERNARD BERENSON: Piero Della Francesca. *Chapman & Hall.* 12*s.* 6*d.*
G. H. COOK: The English Mediaeval Parish Church. *Phoenix House.* 30*s.*
LE CORBUSIER: The Modulor. *Faber.* 25*s.*
KENNETH GARLICK: Sir Thomas Lawrence. *Routledge.* 52*s.* 6*d.*
JOHN HARVEY: English Mediaeval Architects. *Batsford.* 75*s.*
I. G.-KIMBALL and F. FEUCHTWANGER: Art of Ancient Mexico. *Thames & Hudson.* 42*s.*
ERICA TIETZE-CONRAD: Andrea Mantegna. *Phaidon.* 42*s.*
LAURENCE WHISTLER: The Imagination of Vanbrugh. *Batsford.* 73*s.* 6*d.*

Autobiography, Memoirs, Reporting

PETER ABRAHAMS: Tell Freedom. *Faber.* 12*s.* 6*d.*
RODNEY ACKLAND: Shooting in Progress. *Wingate.* 15*s.*
D. ALFIERI: Dictators Face to Face. *Elek.* 25*s.*
L. S. AMERY: My Political Life, Vol. III. *Hutchinson.* 25*s.*
C. R. ATTLEE: As It Happened. *Heinemann.* 25*s.*
WILLIAM BECKFORD, Ed. BOYD ALEXANDER: Journals, Portugal and Spain, 1787–88. *Hart-Davis.* 25*s.*
EDUARD BENEŠ: Memoirs. *Allen & Unwin.* 35*s.*
NOËL COWARD: Future Indefinite. *Heinemann.* 21*s.*
FRANCES FAVIELL: The Dancing Bear: Berlin, de Profundis. *Hart-Davis.* 15*s.*
C. S. FORESTER (Ed.): The Adventures of John Wetherell. *Michael Joseph.* 18*s.*
WILSON HARRIS: Life So Far. *Cape.* 21*s.*
WILLIAM DOUGLAS HOME: Half-Term Report. *Longmans.* 14*s.*
THOMAS JONES: Diary with Letters, 1931–1950. *Oxford.* 30*s.*
ARTHUR KOESTLER: The Invisible Writing. *Collins* and *Hamish Hamilton.* 21*s.*
M. LITVINOV: Notes for a Journal. *Deutsch.* 18*s.*
COMPTON MACKENZIE: Echoes. *Chatto.* 12*s.* 6*d.*
SEAN O'CASEY: Sunset and Evening Star. *Macmillan.* 21*s.*
GILES ROMILLY and MICHAEL ALEXANDER: The Privileged Nightmare. *Weidenfeld & Nicolson.* 12*s.* 6*d.*
LORD RUSSELL OF LIVERPOOL: The Scourge of the Swastika. *Cassell.* 15*s.*
JAMES STEPHEN, Ed. M. M. BEVINGTON: Memoirs. *Hogarth.* 30*s.*
ERNST VON SALOMON: The Answers. *Putnam.* 35*s.*
P. G. WODEHOUSE and GUY BOLTON: Bring on the Girls. *Herbert Jenkins.* 16*s.*

Biography and Letters

RICHARD ALDINGTON: Lawrence of Arabia. *Collins.* 25*s.*
RICHARD ALDINGTON: Pinorman. *Heinemann.* 12*s.* 6*d.*
A. ALPERS: Katherine Mansfield. *Cape.* 21*s.*
M. R. BRAILSFORD: A Tale of Two Brothers: John and Charles Wesley. *Hart-Davis.* 16*s.*
ASA BRIGGS: Victorian People. *Odhams.* 15*s.*
JACOB BURCKHARDT: Letters. *Routledge.* 30*s.*
A. S. G. BUTLER: Portrait of Josephine Butler. *Faber.* 21*s.*
DAVID CECIL: "Lord M": later life of Melbourne. *Constable.* Unpriced.
D. CHAPMAN-HUSTON: Bavarian Fantasy: Ludwig II. *Murray.* 25*s.*
T. M. CRANFILL and D. H. BRUCE: Barnaby Rich. *Nelson.* 15*s.*
NANCY CUNARD: Grand Man (Norman Douglas). *Secker & Warburg.* 18*s.*
KEITH FEILING: Warren Hastings. *Macmillan.* 30*s.*
L. and E. HANSON: The Noble Savage: Paul Gauguin. *Chatto.* 21*s.*
DIANA HOPKINSON: Family Inheritance: Eva Hubback. *Staples.* 10*s.* 6*d.*
T. E. LAWRENCE and his brothers: Home Letters. *Blackwell.* 63*s.*
MORAY MCLAREN: The Highland Jaunt (Boswell in 1773). *Jarrolds.* 15*s.*
J. M. MURRY: Jonathan Swift. *Cape.* 30*s.*
ENID STARKIE: Petrus Borel, the Lycanthrope. *Faber.* 21*s.*
ALLAN WADE (ed.): The Letters of W. B. Yeats. *Hart-Davis.* 52*s.* 6*d.*
FRANCES J. WOODWARD: The Doctor's Disciples: four pupils of Arnold of Rugby. *Oxford.* 21*s.*

Criticism

JOHN ATKINS: George Orwell. *Spearman & Calder.* 16*s.*
DOUGLAS BROWN: Thomas Hardy. *Longmans.* 10*s.* 6*d.*
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BONAMY DOBRÉE: The Broken Cistern. *Cohen & West.* 12*s.* 6*d.*
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PERCY MUIR: English Children's Books, 1600–1900. *Batsford.* 42*s.*
J. H. SUMMERS: George Herbert: his religion and art. *Chatto.* 21*s.*
DEREK TRAVERSI: The Single State of Man. *Hollis & Carter.* 21*s.*
BERNARD WALL: Manzoni. *Bowes & Bowes.* 6*s.*
S. J. WATSON: Carnot. *Bodley Head.* 18*s.*

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PHYLLIS BEDELLS: My Dancing Days. *Phoenix House.* 21*s.*
NEVILLE CARDUS: Kathleen Ferrier: a biographical memoir. *Hamish Hamilton.* 10*s.* 6*d.*
JEAN COCTEAU (trans. ROSAMOND LEHMANN): Les Enfants Terribles. *Harvill.* 9*s.* 6*d.*
RONALD DUNCAN: Don Juan. *Faber.* 10*s.* 6*d.*
YVONNE FFRENCH: Mrs. Siddons. *Verschoyle.* 18*s.*
KARL GEIRINGER: The Bach Family. *Allen & Unwin.* 42*s.*
ROGER LANCELYN GREEN: 50 Years of Peter Pan. *Peter Davies.* Unpriced.
FRANK HOWES: The Music of Vaughan Williams. *Oxford.* 25*s.*
J. PAHISSA: Manuel de Falla. *Museum Press.* 18*s.*
JOSEF RUFER (trans. HUMPHREY SEARLE): Composition with Twelve Notes. *Rockliff.* 25*s.*
BERNARD SHAW: Inner History of his Plays: Letters to Golding Bright. *Barrie.* 12*s.* 6*d.*
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ALAN YORKE-LONG: Music at Court. *Weidenfeld & Nicolson.* 18*s.*

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SAUL BELLOW: The Adventures of Augie March. *Weidenfeld & Nicolson.* 15*s.*
PIERRE BOULLE: The Bridge on the River Kwai. *Secker & Warburg.* 10*s.* 6*d.*
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BERNARD GUTTERIDGE: The Agency Game. *Weidenfeld & Nicolson.* 10*s.* 6*d.*
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ROBERT HARLING: The Enormous Shadow. *Chatto.* 12*s.* 6*d.*
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CHRISTOPHER ISHERWOOD: The World in the Evening. *Methuen.* 12*s.* 6*d.*
FRANZ KAFKA: Wedding Preparations. *Secker & Warburg.* 15*s.*
ROBERT KEMP: The Malacca Cane. *Duckworth.* 8*s.* 6*d.*
FRANCIS KING: The Dark Glasses. *Longmans.* 10*s.* 6*d.*
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RICHARD LLEWELLYN: A Flame for Doubting Thomas. *Michael Joseph.* 12*s.* 6*d.*
FELICIEN MARCEAU: The King's Man. *Barker.* 12*s.* 6*d.*
BRUCE MARSHALL: Only Fade Away. *Constable.* 12*s.* 6*d.*
JOHN MASTERS: Bhowani Junction. *Michael Joseph.* 12*s.* 6*d.*
FRANÇOIS MAURIAC: The River of Fire. *Eyre & Spottiswoode.* 10*s.* 6*d.*
AUBREY MENEN: Rama Retold. *Chatto.* 12*s.* 6*d.*
IRIS MURDOCH: Under the Net. *Chatto.* 12*s.* 6*d.*
ROBERT MUSIL: The Man Without Qualities, Vol. II. *Secker & Warburg.* 25*s.*
ELIZABETH MYERS: Thirty Stories. *Macdonald.* 12*s.* 6*d.*
JACQUES PERRET: The Wind in the Sails. *Hart-Davis.* 12*s.* 6*d.*
ROGER PEYREFITTE: Diplomatic Conclusions. *Thames & Hudson.* 13*s.* 6*d.*
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HONOR TRACY: The Deserters. *Methuen.* 7*s.* 6*d.*
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March 22

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> We found that the Royalist and Parliamentarian, so far as can be judged from the members of the Long Parliament, were very much the same; and the greater and lesser gentry were not on different sides; that it made no difference whether a member belonged to an "old" or to a "new" family; that merchants and lawyers were to be found on both sides . . . The only significant difference seems to have been that the Royalists were on average ten years younger, and more often belonged to families with a parliamentary history.

On the other hand, regional differences were marked: and class or economic interest was but one, indirect, and by no means the most important, factor in determining the intellectual "climate" of "country" or group.

In 1641-42 the House consisted of 507 Members; and with those returned at by-elections before the outbreak of the Civil War, there were 552 "original" Members. But there was no sharp division into two parties at the outset—nine-tenths of the House were then united in opposition to the existing regime. Of 538 Members who can be classified, in the light of subsequent events, 236 were Royalists and 302 Parliamentarians. The landed interest was dominant in the House (as it was in 1740, and even in 1840); and it was flanked by the lawyers and the merchants, who were regarded as distinct groups, and (as also a century later) "were added collectively to Committees concerned with their professional interests." Yet in education, and usually in origin, the lawyers and the country gentlemen were indistinguishable; and also land and trade were closely connected—landowners would engage in trade and speculation, apprentice a younger son to a City firm, and conclude "City marriages," while merchants invested in land and founded county families.

There was a slight preponderance of Royalists among the sons of peers in the House of 1640-42—due, no doubt, to their closer connection with the Court. But the number of baronets and knights, and also of practising lawyers, of whom there were 75 among the "original" Members, was roughly proportionate to the strength of the two sides in the House. It is more difficult to define, and therefore to count, merchants: "including some small local men but excluding those who, despite interests in trading companies, had no mercantile establishment of their own," the total amounted to 45-50. Among these ten Londoners were, with one single exception, on the Parliamentary side: a regional group which finds its counterpart in the rest of Middlesex, solidly Parliamentarian, and in Essex, with one Royalist among its eight Members. Among the merchants returned by provincial towns in which they traded, there was a considerable majority, but nowhere a solid body, of anti-Royalists; and a closer examination of their political allegiance "does not suggest that commercial interests were in themselves enough to bring a Member to the Parliamentary side."

The regional distribution of the two parties is striking: the East (Essex, Herts., Cambs., Hunts., Suffolk, Norfolk, and Lincs.) and the South-East (Hants, Sussex, Middx., Surrey, Kent, and the Cinque Ports) returned 42 Royalists and 125 Parliamentarians, that is, a three-to-one majority for Parliament; the West (Wales, the four Border counties, and Worcs.) and the North (Yorks., Lancs., and three Northern counties—Durham was as yet unrepresented) returned 80 Royalists and 48 Parliamentarians—a five-to-three majority for the King. In the Midlands there was a substantial majority for Parliament, while in the South-West the two parties were almost equally balanced (of its three biggest county representations Cornwall was predominantly Royalist, Wiltshire Parliamentary, and Devon equally divided). To explain that formation, region by region, will be the task of further, much more detailed, research which the authors of this book had necessarily to eschew. As they rightly remark, the greatest obstacle in the historian's work is "his inability to penetrate men's minds"; and whatever he can attempt in that direction requires very careful study of documents and correspondence which cannot be undertaken by two scholars on a nation-wide scale. Some groups will probably be found to have earlier foundations; some may be due to an outstanding personality in the district; and religion will probably prove the most important single factor. In religion itself a sociological component is almost invariably present, but it counts for far less in times of intense religious feeling than in periods of comparative indifference. It is the tendency to read history back (beside the "materialistic conception") which has produced neat and untrue class theories about the Puritan revolution. Snobbery or, to use a milder expression, social considerations, and material interests did not determine men's religious allegiance in that era.

The outstanding difference between the two sides noted by the authors concerns age and parliamentary experience, two inter-connected aspects.

> The median ages of the two parties for the whole country have been worked out at 36 and 47 respectively—a very large difference.

I would call it staggering. It takes a lot to produce a difference in the median for groups of two to three hundred. The median of the entire House of 1640 must have been about 42; of the Parliaments of 1761 and 1818 it was above 43; and of that of 1945, 46, that of the Conservatives and Labour being the same (though not the distribution between age groups). In every region the Royalists were younger men than the Parliamentarians. There were 172 Parliamentarians against 92 Royalists among those born before 1600, *i.e.*, an almost two-to-one majority for Parliament among men above 40; a slight Parliamentary preponderance in the next decade; and 72 Royalists against 37 Parliamentarians among those born in 1610 or after, *i.e.*, nearly a two-to-one Royalist majority among those of 30 or below. Here is a fact which, when explained, may throw new light on the period—had an anti-Puritan reaction set in among the young by the time the Long Parliament was meeting? Were they getting sick of their stern, austere parents? But before drawing any such conclusion it would be necessary to ascertain the politics of the sons of the elderly Puritan Members, and of the fathers of the young Royalists—which might, indeed, prove an arduous task.

The age median of the Recruiters is not given, only their distribution between age groups. They were even younger than the Royalists: a new generation on the Puritan side. Pamphleteers at a later date:

> developed the idea that the Recruiters were obscure townsmen or upstart colonels. It is true that the number of officers among them was large . . . Including militia regiments roughly a quarter of the Recruiters held or had held the rank of colonel or a higher one . . . A few obscure townsmen who had won success in the Army were elected for their local boroughs; a few richer townsmen who could in any case have expected election held office in militia regiments. But the majority of the colonels in Parliament were gentry . . . and they included many strong opponents of the Army's political domination.

Similarly the "huge influx of Independents and irreconcilables" was a fear before the event, and a legend after: "many prominent and extreme Independents were Recruiters," but "Independency was only just perceptibly stronger among the new members than among the old." The last few inches make a man abnormally tall or small; and statistical statements based on mere impressions are apt to generalise from marginal facts. It is a great merit of this book that it establishes true perspective in place of subjective impressions.

While a general survey is given of the entire country, the representation of two regions, the East and the South-West, has been analysed in greater detail. The chapter on "The Eastern Association" is by Mr. Brunton, who died in a road accident on May 16, 1952; it is replete with interesting information which, however, has not undergone the last pruning that only the author can give to his work: and writers of mass biography, not to tax unduly the absorptive capacity of the reader, should eschew giving detail which is irrelevant or distantly related to their theme. One feature brought out by Mr. Brunton, modifying the general contention of the book (p. 7) that "the most important qualification was . . . to belong to the locality," is the extreme electoral mobility of certain families, especially when backed by Court influence. Thus the Hattons, between 1580 and 1680, sat for fifteen constituencies in twelve counties extending from Lancashire to Wiltshire and Kent; the Jermyns sat for eleven constituencies in nine counties extending from Lancashire to Cornwall and Suffolk; while the Gawdys sat on their own interest for seven constituencies in Norfolk and Suffolk: Norfolk

* *Members of the Long Parliament*. By D. BRUNTON and D. H. PENNINGTON. *Allen & Unwin*. 21s.

itself, Norwich, King's Lynn, and Thetford, Dunwich, Eye, and Sudbury. Such wanderings would hardly have been possible about 1760; it would have meant encroaching on too many firmly established family preserves, and was attempted by one family only of Irish interlopers.

Mr. Pennington's carefully constructed chapter on the South-West, beside illustrating some of the basic theses of the book, contains much valuable material on the family history of that region. There is remarkable continuity in the Parliamentary history of Cornwall, and most of the leading families of the eighteenth century go back, often in the same houses, to Tudor days, or even to the Middle Ages. To name a few: the Godolphins of Godolphin, the Edgcumbes of Mount Edgcumbe, the Eliots of Port Eliot, or the Rashleighs of Menabilly near Fowey (these last were "a local shipowning and trading family which transformed themselves by easy stages into a landed one"). Indeed, Cornwall, with its 21 boroughs and long traditions, would be an unequalled field for the Parliamentary historian, had not several of its richest collections of manuscripts suffered destruction. It is only when he tries to reach the sources of Parliamentary history that he realises how fast his materials are disappearing. Probably not even half remains now of what there was two or three generations ago.

L. B. NAMIER

His Majesty Preserved, Charles II's account of his escape after Worcester, dictated to Pepys, has been re-issued by the Falcon Press (12s. 6d.), reprinted from the first edition.

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WORDS FOR LEISURE, WORDS FOR LABOUR

History in English Words. By OWEN BARFIELD. *Faber.* 18*s.*

Write What You Mean. By R. W. BELL. *Allen & Unwin.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

"It may be remarked in passing," says Mr. Barfield, "that there is no surer or more illuminating way of reading a man's character, and perhaps a little of his past history, than by observing the contexts in which he prefers to use certain words." This Jonsonian notion, "Speak that I may see thee", might be called the pattern of Mr. Barfield's book. "History" is the utterer: divers of her utterances survive—some as conservative as the Coelacanth, some transmuted as Eohippus, some as embedded in their monumental strata as the Archaeopteryx; and the palaeonto-logophilist picks from the *O.E.D.* examples which give glimpses of the queer creatures in their first habitat and guise, Aryan, Arab, Greek, Celtic, Saxon, or the quick forge and working-house of Shakespearean or Baconian thought. Etymology offers no "complete and coherent tale"; it can "still light up for us from different angles different portions of that dark, mysterious mass, the past."

But the "easy and intimate peep" given by keyholing such "social-history" items as *carol, blackguard* or *newspaper* is not enough for Mr. Barfield. That dark mysterious mass draws him away from the modest and secure burrowings of his obvious model Archbishop Trench, and he fetches up in an easy chair in No-man's-land. From Pisgah-pile of *O.E.D.* first-occurrences he can point to the Urquell of *man* (in Manu, the mythic teacher of the Ur-Hindus), the Pan in *panic*, or the queer connections between *divinity* and *journalism, Tuesday* and *diary;* and as derivations intrigue (*sic*) more people than they aggravate (*sic*), this is a harmless sort of easywent culture-sipping. It won't help you to use *fee* well (not even in poetry) to know that *feoh* meant "cattle" in Old English; not even if you add (as Mr. Barfield does not) that by Chaucer's time there was a sportsman's word from Old French, *feu* or *fe*, meaning "perquisites" given to hound or hawk after a kill: whence the Elizabethan "the keeper's fees." You may doubt "the psychologist Wundt" who wrote, "Human speech and human thought are everywhere coincident," and wonder whether the appearance of *love-longing* in Middle English does mark a new advance in sensibility. It is a fact, though very few can know it, that on Sept. 15th, 1805, the phrase *an accurate psycho-analytical understanding* was committed to paper by Coleridge; but to deduce anything from that adjective would be rash, "words being ill set Marks on very confused Notions," as Robert Hooke remarked.

So long as a book stimulates thinking about words and language, all is well. But Mr. Barfield's *O.E.D.* is also a pandoran box, the receptacle of a charm which bemuses the reader with a vast, vaguely Toynbean panorama of universal history, in which Words are battle-honours in the March of Mind. Here an imposing vague portentousness risks angry dismissal as "pretentious": especially when plain checkable History is mis-stated or muddled. It is undermining to find *pander* derived from Homer, and *devotion* described as "remaining purely theological until as late as the sixteenth century"; for before Troilus saw Criseyde or gave Pandare a function, his feelings about ladies were such that "no devocioun/Hadde he to noon." On one group of "devotion" words we are told that they "had already been secularized by nimble spirits like Petrarch and Ronsard a century or two before they reached us by the Norman route, along with more frivolous terms, *amorous, dainty, dalliance, debonair, delight, pleasure*, etc." Barring *amorous*, all these words are Chaucer's. He was Petrarch's younger contemporary, and died over a century before Ronsard (1524-85) was conceivable. What is Mr. Barfield's history worth? The book first appeared in 1926; but even then the critic "Longinus" (page 208) was no longer supposed to belong to the third century.

Such points shake faith in the word-history too. Evidently Middle English doesn't interest the author, or his remarks on Michael of Northgate (*c.* 1340) would have been deleted. Dan Michael wrote, in plain doggerel, "this boc is ywrite/Mid Engliss of Kent" and "ymad vor lewede men"; for which reasons he carefully distinguishes between terms used "in clergie" (*i.e.* in learning or science) and the colloquial ones which "lewd" men understood then and find defeating now (*e.g., icinge* or "itching" for "in clergie *auarice*"). Admittedly Dan Michael is an unimportant person; but Wyclif is not, and the brief comment on him only shows that Mr. Barfield fails to appreciate what he was about. Erudition lightly borne is very agreeable reading; but clocks which strike sixteen are worrying attendants.

To turn to Mr. R. W. Bell is to quit the frontiers of Bloomsbury for the Gray's Inn Road and Eastward Ho. His little handbook is Gowersian plain-wordsical, common sense, practical; and though he has been to school with I. A. Richards and gives a chapter to the four "elements" of Meaning, he never goes beyond what the practical user of (in the main) the language of statement requires. Clear your mind, he says, concentration is only practiced exclusion, and write clearly, correctly, simply, checking all by putting yourself in the intended reader's place. Within its rigid and businesslike limits, an excellent little book, though it needs far more examples of How and Not-how. I hope that No. 10 of the "Reminders" at the end is a joke. It says "*Beware of unconscious absurdity*"; and if I take "Be *ware*" and "*unconscious*" seriously, the statement of the rule is itself an infringement of the rule it tries to state. A chastening reminder to the Gowers school of English that "plain" words are often slipperier than the unplain.

A. P. ROSSITER

COMMUNITY AND COSMOS

African Worlds. Edited by DARYLL FORDE. *Oxford:* for *International African Institute.* 30*s.*

Political Systems of Highland Burma. By E. R. LEACH. *London School of Economics* and *Bell.* 35*s.*

Sir James Frazer, whose centenary appears to have been more enthusiastically celebrated at large than in the small world of social anthropology, emerges rarely enough in the writings of his professional descendants. They have moved forward from his methods and given his problems a different kind of position in the study of man. Students of anthropology are certainly instructed in magic and religion—"I find it awfully difficult teaching magic," remarked one young academic with the unconscious humour of the specialist content in the categories of his professional pursuits—but they are urged to consider the non-rational as beliefs and activities within social organisation. Myth, magic, witchcraft, ideology, cult, and mediumship are concepts for seeing societies in motion and people in intercourse.

I have found Frazer's name invoked only once in *African Worlds*, which, despite its elusive title and lengthy but not quite comprehensive enough sub-title, "Studies in the Cosmological Ideas and Social Values of African Peoples," is a book about religion. Absent from the title page, the word "religion" is elsewhere evident along with the more fanciful terms "world outlook" and "cosmology"; it might with profit have pushed these more to one side, to give the book a stronger unity. The nine essays do not altogether match. Some contributors, for example, appear to manage without more than an incidental use of "value," while I doubt whether all the senses given to the term are really congruent. However, if we forget about hard words and their usage, we may read the nine essays as, without exception, interesting studies in religion.

Two or three stand out. Dr. Mary Douglas seems to me to have worked out a style and exposition of great elegance in her study of the manner in which the religious ideas of the Lele

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of the Belgian Congo shape their exploitation of their environment. In the essay by Professor and Mrs. Krige on the Transvaal Lovedu we are once more in the realm of the divine queen who inspired Rider Haggard's *She*. Professor Griaule and Dr. Dieterlen draw out an astonishingly complex and rhythmical system of metaphysics from their long experience of the Dogon of the French Sudan. (Here one stops and wonders whether the anthropologist does not sometimes write the theology of his subject-society as well as its law and custom. But the essayists in this book seem generally aware of the perils of overcodifying.)

Following *African Political Systems* (1940) and *African Systems of Kinship and Marriage* (1950), *African Worlds* is the third great symposium from the International African Institute. The new book is more international than its predecessors, taking its examples from British, South African, French, Belgian, and Anglo-Egyptian territory, and its authors—among whom is, for the first time, an African (Dr. Busia)—from several countries. It is edited and introduced by the Director of the Institute, Professor Forde, and on what he has to say at the beginning of the book many experienced readers will concentrate their attention, for the introductions to the two earlier African symposia have left their mark on anthropological thinking. Professor Forde has perhaps not taken full advantage of his editorship and knowledge, but he makes many points which need to be made in a preface to a work on religion. Towards the end of his statement there are two sentences which will serve to show the sociological lines along which he is thinking and the sort of generalisation which one anthropologist is willing, at this stage, to make in a difficult field.

> Belief and ritual tend, in other words, to mirror the scale and degree of social integration. The greater the economic self-sufficiency and the political freedom of action of localised groups, the greater the segmentation of ritual activity and the particularity of the objects of worship.

Dr. Leach's book, rather surprisingly, since it certainly stands in the van of anthropological theory, calls on Frazer twice, but this may be one tiny index of the contrariness which runs through the most brilliant monograph to appear in recent years. It is a book about the Kachins of north-east Burma, a statement of theoretical propositions, and a sparkling piece of professional entertainment. It is written in a pleasingly undecorated, sometimes colloquial, prose; it is forthright and often pugnacious; and the spiritedness of its author is as evident in its risky oversimplifications as in its originality. Some ethnographers have the gift of putting life into the people they discuss, but Dr. Leach, contemptuous of description and wedded to principles, enjoys the no less respectable talent of coming alive himself as he writes.

The specialists will relish his book for many of its points, not least of which are the keen analysis of the concept "Kachin" and the demonstration of the structure of the ties between Kachin and Shan. But there are three more general topics which lift *Political Systems of Highland Burma* on to a genuinely public platform. In the first place, Dr. Leach pushes a step forward the use of the notion of models in anthropological analysis. As Professor Firth warns us in his Foreword to the book, "model" is growing in popularity as a piece of ill-defined jargon, but what Dr. Leach does is to illuminate the process of Kachin life by showing that Kachin political organisation oscillates between two rival conceptions of social order, one democratic and egalitarian, the other autocratic and hierarchical, and that these ideal forms provide the observer with alternative models by means of which he can represent a social situation as though it were in equilibrium. To assume an equilibrium is nothing more than a matter of convenience. In fact, no situation in real life is stable; "democracy" moves towards "autocracy" and back; individuals in a "democratic" Kachin community may, when it suits them, appeal to "autocratic" principles, and vice versa.

In his treatment of the interplay between rival ideal systems we find Dr. Leach's second important topic. And here we may begin to feel a little uneasy, because, while he is sure that it is generally unwise to attribute motives to social behaviour, he explains the choice made by individuals and communities as the result of "a conscious or unconscious wish to gain power"; people "will seek to gain access to office or the esteem of their fellows which may lead them to office." There is a kind of sophisticated crudity about this approach to the problem of explaining social action. In the subtle account of Kachin behaviour it makes admirable sense, but will it really do as a general tool of analysis?

Another question arises when Dr. Leach, dissatisfied with the ways in which the distinctions between magic and religion and between sacred and profane have so far been handled in theory, proposes an independent use of the terms ritual and myth. He works on the basis of a polarity of technical and symbolic, functional and æsthetic. Technique, which "has economic material consequences which are measurable and predictable," stands over against ritual "which 'says' something about the individuals involved in the action." But symbols which say something about social status need not have anything to do with the supernatural or the metaphysical. Dress and language, when they are symbols of social difference, are part of ritual. The familiar landscape of anthropological theory already looks a little strange. It looks odder when we are told that myth and ritual are one and the same thing; that myth does not support ritual—unhappily, it appears to do so on page 167, but this must be a slip; that we are wasting our time in discussing the belief contents of myths; that myth says in words what ritual does in action. When one has recovered from the first convincing impact of the argument, one begins to ask awkward questions. Has myth no autonomy whatever? Is the exploration of beliefs really so fruitless? Will the concepts handled in this way help with the analysis of all societies? The contributors to *African Worlds* say no. They are right.

MAURICE FREEDMAN

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The European Nobility in the Eighteenth Century. Edited by A. GOODWIN. *Black.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

"*Je suis aristocrate, c'est mon métier*," cried Catherine the Great, magnificently rebuking the French Revolution. She spoke not only for herself but for a whole European order—an order that embraced Osunas and Oxenstiernas, Lauzuns and Leveson-Gowers, Borromeos, Apponyis and Saxe Hildburghausens in the same fluctuating circle of privilege. It is an order that Professor Goodwin and his fellow-contributors have been at pains to analyse, nation by nation, in this admirable collection of essays.

The pattern of eighteenth-century nobility was as varied as the geography of Europe. It was a huge chequerboard of precedence, a riot of *corvées* and first-fruits. It ran the gamut of personal service, from the Russian noble condemned to State business from the age of fifteen, to the Parisian absentee with his hedonism, concocted, so Mr. J. McManners tells us, "from a very simple formula, privilege without responsibility." It had its boasted splendours: an English duke with two or three boroughs in his pocket and a rent-roll in five counties (excluding his Irish estates), tied with a Prince de Bourbon-Condé, drawing 400,000*l.* a year as titular abbot of four monasteries, his only abbatial function the building of a marble tomb for his pet monkey. But nobility also had its less advertised miseries. The impecunious Swedes who scrabbled for British secret service funds, the *hidalgúia proletaria* who, so the grim jest went, ate their crust of black bread beneath the genealogical tree—these were the reverse of the medal.

"There was a whole proletariat of sunken nobles in Brittany," writes Mr. McManners and he instances Chateaubriand's father in his château of Comburg with his five servants, a hunting dog and the two old mares, "brooding, and shooting the occasional owl." Yet:

> below all these, there was a poverty-stricken mass of country gentry. Such were the squires of Beauce who, as the proverb had it, stayed in bed while their breeches were mended, the nobles around Auch whom Arthur Young found ploughing their own fields, the home-spun aristocrats of Poitou whose daughters kept the flocks, the Breton gentry who went to market with a sword on one side and basket on the other.

Today, a society whose caste requirements made 1400 the deadline for presentation at Versailles, seems as distant as the Pharaohs. Indeed, much of the fascination of this book lies in the fact that it reads less like a historical study than a piece of exotic anthropology. Arcos's 3,000 retainers, the splendid boasts of the Spanish "injured houses"—"His Majesty is free to make whom he chooses cover in his presence but the grandeeship of the Counts of Lemos was made by God and time"—recall Ruth Benedict's account of life among the Potlatch Indians. Yet in Western Europe at least the aristocratic ideal included a startling leaven of modernity. Many needy French noblemen showed an unexpected flair for business; they not only ran gaming saloons but coal-mines and ironworks as well. Enlightenment knew no frontiers. Paris took its liberal tone from London, Madrid borrowed its fire-balloons from Paris and its agricultural improvements from Dublin; the Spanish physiocrats vainly endeavoured to substitute Italian comic opera for the bull-fight. In Madrid, Mr. A. R. M. Carr tells us, the Opposition revolved round the heir-apparent, "the *Cuarto del principe* becomes a pale imitation of Leicester House." In France it took an Orleanist form—"a shabby Fronde springing from the ambitions of courtiers, aristocratic Anglomania and hatred of Marie-Antoinette."

So much for less happier lands. In England "the aristocracy was more intimately linked with other social classes . . . it recruited itself from talent displayed and wealth acquired in the professions, and sent back into the professions the families of its younger sons." Wealth flowed

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freely in to land ownership, the class barrier was removable. As Professor Habakkuk remarks, "except for the Game Laws, economic and social differences were not accentuated by differences of legal right." Society shifted in accordance with economics. When Lady Caroline Lennox ran off with Henry Fox, Lord Carteret exclaimed: "I thought our fleet or our army were beat, or Mons betrayed into the hands of the French." Yet his Paymaster-Generalship brought Fox a peerage and an income of £25,000 a year. And within a generation, his family was firmly stitched into the heart of privilege.

JOHN RAYMOND

NEW NOVELS

Go Tell it on the Mountain. By JAMES BALDWIN. *Michael Joseph.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Honey on the Hill. By SELIG J. SELIGMAN. *Heinemann.* 15*s.*

The Scattered Seed. By STUART ENGSTRAND. *Cape.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

The three books on this list are all American and by far the best of them is a first novel, by a young Negro writer, James Baldwin. The story is not concerned with racial problems, although a bitter, burning hatred towards the white man does crop up here and there among the characters, in a way all the more terrible because it is so casually introduced. The book however is about human relationships and religious emotions. It deals with an adolescent, John Bishop, living with his family in an unsavoury apartment in Harlem. John's father, or rather his supposed father, for he is, in fact, a bastard, is a preacher, and most of the action takes place in "The Temple of the Fire Baptized," the church of the small sect to which the Bishops belong. Here, one evening, they worship, and each elder member of the family recalls the story of his or her life. Gabriel, the sour, unhappy, over-religious father, relives his brief, lustful affair with Esther and his long, sterile marriage with his first wife. Elizabeth, the patient, enduring mother, goes back, to her first bright, blissful love affair with Richard, the father of John. Aunt Florence remembers her youth in the South and her feckless marriage.

At the end of the service, in a superbly written chapter, John "gets salvation." Actually the author's attitude towards the cult of revivalism appears a shade ambiguous. At the beginning of the book he is detached and even critical but John's experience is described with complete conviction and acceptance and its impact is very great. Whatever one's own opinions may be it is impossible to read this chapter without reverence and some degree of participation.

Go Tell it on the Mountain is in the great stream of European literature. There are echoes of *The Way of All Flesh* in the attitude of the younger boy, Roy, towards his father.

> "Yeah," said Roy, "we don't know how lucky we *is* to have a father what don't want you to go to the movies, and don't want you to play in the streets, and don't want you to have no friends, and he don't want this and he don't want that and he don't want you to do *nothing*. We so *lucky* to have a father who just wants us to go to church and read the Bible and beller like a fool in front of the altar and stay home all nice and quiet, like a little mouse. Boy, we sure is lucky, all right."

And in the description of John's religious ecstasy we can hear faint echoes of the river which the Pilgrims came to cross at the end of their Progress.

The last thing I wish to imply is that James Baldwin has borrowed from these books. He may never have read them. The only book which has set its unquestioned seal upon his style is the Authorised Version. But, to use biblical language, "he is in the way." The emotions, the thoughts, the relationships of his characters derive from the same raw material for human tragedy which great masters have employed. Therefore this story of a distant, ignorant, under-privileged community seems familiar to us, whereas the other two American novels, dealing with white, moneyed milieux appear utterly alien, as if we were reading accounts of some tribe, not only savage but simple almost to nullity.

Honey on the Hill is a story of graft and corruption in Washington during the Korean war. One Tony Custer, a "Washington fixer,"—a man who takes five per cent. on any deal which he enables big business to make with the Government—sets on foot a swindle by which he procures contracts, labour and a Government loan for a non-existent factory. Out of spite he is denounced to a "clean-up committee" which is hardly less corrupt than the victims who are brought before it. He is finally betrayed by his mistress and chief associate.

This book pictures a society that is completely rootless, shifting and devoid of all values. Even the motives of the swindlers are pitiably thin. They do not seek power but recognition. "To have your name announced" (by head waiters and doormen) "and to have everyone alertly anticipating your every wish . . . and calling your name out for all to hear, was the ultimate goal." They do not even want money to spend in a gorgeous way of living; they are contented with treating their friends in expensive bars and having super tarts for one night. They are cardboard characters, not three-dimensional in any way. Never has the complexity of the human predicament been so diluted and ironed out as it is in novels of modern American life.

Mr. Engstrand's book is another case in point. It is about a "gentleman-ranker" hobo who has joined a tree-felling gang working on the estate of a rich businessman in Iowa. In his leisure moments he endeavours to "make" the daughter of his boarding-house keeper and the wife of his employer:

> . . . the cloth clung to her except where it was slashed at the neckline. The nakedness there, complementing the nakedness of her ankles, gave an idea of her completeness as a woman. And she was all woman.

It is a part of the thinness of both these novels that their attitude to sex is so pathetically simple and, in the most innocent sense of the word, bestial.

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Week-end Competitions

No. 1,255

Set by Thomas Tusher

"The public lounges are empty and licensed foreign addicts morosely sip their *pegs* in a permit room behind the kitchen". So *The Times* Delhi correspondent wrote recently of Prohibitionist India. The usual prizes are offered for part of a Kipling ballad on this theme. Limit 16 lines. Entries by March 23.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 1,252

Set by Naomi Lewis

Prizes are offered for a self-epitaph by (and prepared during the lifetime of) one of the following: Chaucer, Boswell, Marvell, Ruskin, Proust, Jane Austen, Wellington, Doctor Bowdler, Defoe, Aubrey, Hardy, Charlotte Bronte, Mr. Gladstone.

Report by Naomi Lewis

Even this sort of lapidary writer is not on oath. But he (or she) has what the professional need not possess—a point of view, a particular picture to present. There is of course a decorum in these matters: whatever, say, Miss Austen might devise, we would not suppose it to be a series of rhyming couplets acclaiming herself as a wit. What was hoped for was a flash of this self-impression, the private vision—however much (or little, in certain cases) overlaid by a surface modesty. Defoe (correctly) was shown as the least self-conscious; Boswell as approaching the business with the most assurance and zest. Thomas Hardy ("without qualms I now unbe," concluded one) provoked some good entries; had he not, in a sense, been experimenting with the subject all his life? Nobody caught the Gothic temper of Charlotte Bronte; though in *Reader, I Joined Them*

Charles Higham offered a conceit that was almost a substitute. But his *Cut Down* for Dr. Bowdler strikes a little tersely on the ear. Prizes are shared between those printed. Runners-up include Ralph Elliott, Alberick, W. S., W. B. Smith, J. P. Stevenson, Elaine Morgan, Ethel Talbot Schaffauer, John Brown, Jean Goujon, Stanley Sharpless.

MARVELL

Alas, what Body still can stay
The Soul, when greenness doth decay?
Like a bird it swift has flown,
From its tyrannic Cage of bone,
But 'twere vanity to weep,
When Flesh we sow, if Grass we reap.

JOHN WILKS

JANE AUSTEN

Here lies one who chose to see Folly rather than Evil in the world; who sought to Mock without Malice and Discriminate without Condemning, and who, at her own passing, found no good reason to despair of a Like Disposition in her Maker.

P. M.

HARDY

Here, quittance paid, returned to earth
The flesh that earth and air gave birth:
Full-cycle, earth and air and rain
Will conjure flesh to life again.
Nor can the thought or feature die;
One thing alone has perished: I.

K. N. RICHARDSON

The words here graven I shaped neath a yester sun
On memory's tablet, musing, when chancewise you,
Farer, were then immured from the open sky.
Now, when the gods will have shaken the dice anew,
There awhile scanning are you, your doom not spun,
And in the dimness I.

LESLIE JOHNSON

Stranded like CRUSOE on an Unknown Shore
DANIEL DEFOE lies here, his Venture o'er.
When Truth to Principles was Party-Treason
He was a Mercenary in the Pay of Reason:
And, if he wrote some Story plainly Dressed,
In Men's own Interests roused their Interest.

A. WESTLAKE

Here lies Defoe. Beneath this stone
Purged of his pride he sleeps alone,
Leaving, for all the years he spanned,
Naught but a footprint in the sand.

H. D. WAKELY

BOWDLER

Weep, Virtue! Here your Benefactor lies,
Whose hand from Thalia's Darling did excise—
And likewise did for Clio's fav'rite son—
Those parts your eyes must never gaze upon.
His work Immortal Names from vice sets free,
And for his Own earns Immortality.

APPLE TREE

GEOFFREY CHAUCER

My Boke of life is shut, my Legend writ;
Read is the Romaunt of my dayes below;
This Parlement of Fooles here I quit,
And unto Goddes Hous of Fame I go.
Now am I redy, with devout corage,
To wenden on my second Pilgrimage.

W. L. LINDSAY

Here lie the Mortal Remains
of
JAMES BOSWELL, Laird of Auchinleck,
the intimate
Friend and Biographer of
DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON.
His gay and ingenious Company
was eagerly sought
by the Great
with whom he doubts not
that he will find himself
in close Fellowship
on the joyful Day
of
Resurrection.

E. W. FORDHAM

F.M. the Duke of Wellington has presented his compliments to God and has declined, most graciously, to interfere in circumstances over which he had no control.

CHARLES HIGHAM

THE BRITISH & FOREIGN BIBLE SOCIETY 1804 1954

Leaders of the Churches Commend the Bible Society's THIRD JUBILEE

ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY YEARS

On March 7, 1804, the British and Foreign Bible Society was founded in London — and a great movement of Bible translation and distribution was launched which has affected the whole world. Since that day the Society has gone on with its simple, indispensable task of making the Scriptures available to men in the languages they speak and at a price they can afford to pay, even when that involves heavy subsidy. It has distributed over six hundred million books and published translations in more than eight hundred languages, while similar societies in other parts of the world have added a further three hundred. In 1954 the Society invites you to join in the celebration of its Third Jubilee by

— giving thanks that some portion of God's Word is now available in over a thousand tongues (and the complete Bible in two hundred).
— seeking a deeper knowledge of the Scriptures yourself as part of a movement to quicken the life of the Church.
— making a thank-offering which will help the Society to go forward better equipped into the tremendous decades which lie ahead.

This work needs your Prayers and your support

From the Bishop of London:

Without the help of the Bible Society our work in the mission field would have been crippled. For this reason alone the Society deserves more thanks than we can ever give.

From the Rev. Dr. Donald O. Soper, M.A., President of the Methodist Conference:

It is of course impossible to exaggerate the importance of the work of the British and Foreign Bible Society. We as Methodists would join with every other Christian denomination and communion in thanking God for those who were led to form it, and those who during the one hundred and fifty years since its foundation have so faithfully served its high purpose.

From Ebenezer Cunningham, M.A., Fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge and Chairman of the Congregational Union of England and Wales:

The success of the missionary work of the Christian Churches depends largely on the Bible being available in every tongue. For a hundred and fifty years the Bible Society has worked for this; may its further efforts be crowned with success.

From the Rev. H. Bonser, Chairman of the Baptist Union of Great Britain and Ireland:

Baptists have always demanded an unfettered Bible and we are grateful to the British and Foreign Bible Society for making its revelation available to the poor of so many lands since 1804. May the celebration of the Society's Third Jubilee lead many to study and obey the Royal Law!

SPECIAL MEETINGS, on MAY 5th, 1954, in WESTMINSTER CENTRAL HALL
Annual Meeting 11.0 a.m. Jubilee Celebrations 7.30 p.m.
To be addressed by delegates from overseas

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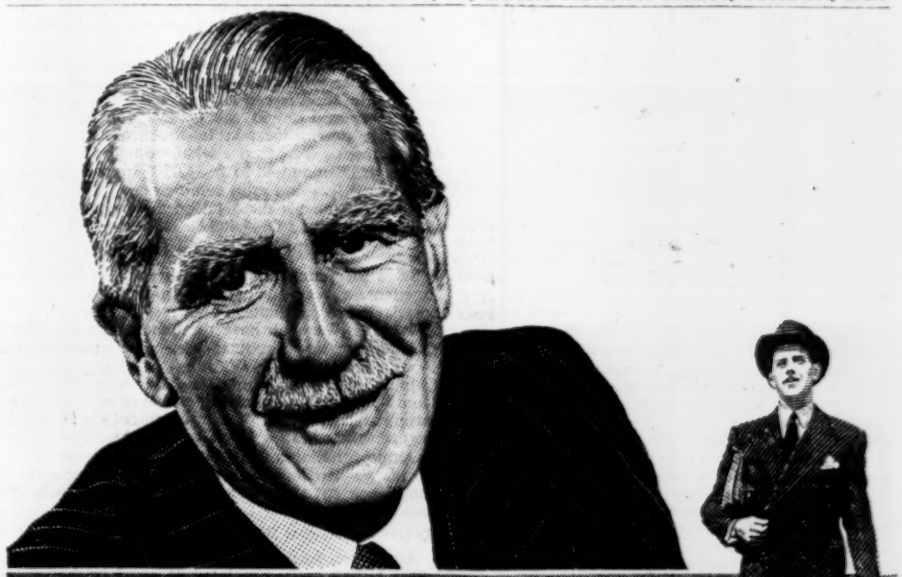

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SIR CHARLES COLSTON ON COMPANY'S ENHANCED REPUTATION

THE annual general meeting of Hoover, Limited, will be held on April 2 at Perivale, Greenford, Middlesex.

The following is an extract from the Review of the Chairman and Managing Director, Sir Charles Colston, C.B.E., M.C., D.C.M., which has been circulated to stockholders covering the year ended December 31, 1953:—

It is with much pride that I am able to announce that 1953 has been the record year in the history of the Company. We have succeeded in surpassing the remarkable records established in 1951, and have gone far ahead of the results attained in 1952. The consolidated profit for 1953 is £3,095,000. This compares with the consolidated profit of £3,014,000 in 1951, and £1,602,000 in 1952.

In my Review last year I explained some of the reasons for the setback that we experienced in 1952. During 1953 competition has become even more severe. Germany has made a striking economic recovery and is once again becoming a formidable competitor. The success of the Hoover Electric Washing Machine all over the world has led to a host of imitations of our type of machine, and so we have had much more severe competition to meet in many countries.

One of the principal reasons for the reduced results in 1952 was the sudden closing of the Australian market at the beginning of the year. We have, however, more than made good the reduction in the Australian market by increased sales elsewhere.

RECORD TURNOVER

To give an overall picture, our total turnover in 1953, at home and abroad, was almost 20 per cent. greater than the previous record turnover achieved in 1951.

That we have succeeded in beating the record of 1951 in a year when conditions on the whole were more difficult is a measure of our achievement. This success is due to the magnificent team spirit throughout the undertaking. The Company organisation is in a healthier state than ever before, and we are ready to face any difficulties which may come our way.

EXPANSION OF WASHING MACHINE SALES

Perhaps the most striking feature of the year's operations has been the continued remarkable expansion in the sales of Hoover Electric Washing Machines. Our new Mark II Washing Machine has justified our most optimistic expectations.

Our total Washing Machine sales in the home market were practically double what they were in 1951, and about 50 per cent. higher than in 1952. This constitutes a rapid and continuous expansion which is impressive. Our Washing Machine business is now substantially larger than our Electric Cleaner business on which Hoover fame was built.

During 1953 we sold about one and a half times as many Electric Washing Machines in Britain as all other manufacturers put together. We have established our position on the merits and the price of our products.

In the export field as in the home market our ascendancy is shown by the fact that **we exported during the year twice as many Washing Machines as all other British manufacturers taken together.**

Both at home and overseas we sold substantially more Electric Cleaners than the total of all other British manufacturers.

Last November we brought out a new Electric Cylinder Cleaner. This new model should provide useful additional business during 1954.

The Hoover Electric Polisher is an extremely attractive and efficient machine and worthwhile business in this product has been developed.

NEW ELECTRIC IRON

The introduction in November, 1953, of the Hoover Electric Steam and Dry Iron, for which demand is brisk, is a continuation of the policy which the Company has adopted since the war of steadily expanding its range of products. It is a policy which has proved triumphantly successful. **Our business is seven times as large as it was before the war and five times as large as it was in 1946.**

Our splendid Sales-Service organisation has had an increasing range of products to handle, with considerable resulting economies. The cumulative effect has been that in relation to the national price level our prices are far lower than before the war. So we have been able to bring Hoover products within the range of a vastly greater number of households, thereby opening up a much wider market.

We have also developed a large-scale export business. **We are doing business altogether in about 90 countries.**

This immense expansion has been financed almost entirely out of the Company's own resources as a result of the very conservative policy over the years of ploughing back profits.

F.H.P. Motors: Total home and export sales of Fractional Horse Power Motors and other industrial products were higher than in 1952, but was still about 10 per cent. short of the total of 1951.

The great majority of our customers throughout the country make regular use, year in year out, of the Hoover Service and thereby Hoover Machines in the home are maintained at a high level of efficiency.

After reviewing in detail the conditions in world markets, the statement continues:

FINANCIAL RESULTS

Our consolidated profit for 1953 was £3,095,000. The liability for taxation is £1,774,000. We have transferred £200,000 to the General Reserve of Hoover, Limited. This increases the General Reserve of Hoover, Limited, to £1,125,000, which is very satisfactory. We have decided to transfer £100,000 to Reserve for the Employees' free Superannuation Scheme. The Board, after very full consideration, have decided to recommend a final dividend of 1s. 9d., less tax, on each Ordinary Stock Unit, making a total for the year of 2s. 3d., less tax, as against 1s. 3d. for 1952. On the basis of this distribution the dividend payable under the Articles of Association on the "A" Ordinary Shares amounts to 3s. 8.7132d., less tax, per share.

The majority of these shares are held by nearly 100 of the senior executives of the Company.

The liquid position of the Company is very strong, stronger than ever before. At 31st December last the cash resources of Hoover, Limited (apart from its subsidiaries), amounted to £2,847,000, which exceeds the total issued capital of the Company.

In Hoover, Limited, we believe that incentive is the most potent weapon in the armoury of good management. We practise what we believe. Bonuses for the year amounted to £754,000, apart from piecework incentives and sales commissions. This exceeds the total of the net dividend on all classes of shares, which amounts to £645,000.

PROSPECTS FOR 1954

Sales for January and February, 1954, have been excellent, a very substantial improvement over the corresponding periods in the record years of 1951 and 1953. We shall have the benefit of a full year's sales of the new products which we introduced in 1953—the Mark II Washing Machine, the new Cylinder Electric Cleaner, and the Steam and Dry Iron. We expect also an expansion of our Australian business as a result of our commencing to manufacture the Mark II Washing Machine there. Assuming that there are no major upheavals in the world, we can look forward with a fair measure of confidence to a satisfactory improvement over the results of 1953.

RETIREMENT FROM POSITION OF MANAGING DIRECTOR

After the forthcoming annual general meeting, when I shall have completed 35 years in the service of the Company, it is my intention to retire from the Board and the position of Managing Director. My friend and colleague, Mr. J. A. Wykes, who has been Deputy Managing Director for the last eight years, has been appointed Managing Director to succeed me with effect from 5th April next. With Mr. Wykes at the helm we are confident that the leadership of the Company will be in strong and safe hands.

If Hoover, Limited, by reason of its qualities of originality and vision, its skill and energy, has helped in some small measure to increase the fame of British industry in the markets of the world, and if I have been able to make some contribution to what has been achieved, I am content.

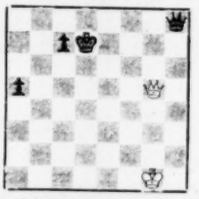
A copy of the full statement by the Chairman can be obtained from the registered office of the Company, Perivale, Greenford, Middlesex.

CHESS: Giving Anderssen the Queen

No. 232

It is 75 years almost to the day since Adolf Anderssen died—a fitting occasion to tell a story alleged to be true. Returning to Breslau from his great London triumph in 1851 Anderssen spent a night in a small German town and visited the local Chess Club without revealing his identity. When the overbearing Club Champion insisted on giving him the Queen, Anderssen accepted these odds and cunningly managed to draw the game; whereupon he offered the same odds to the champion who, having first indignantly refused was finally persuaded by the kibitzers not to spoil their fun. The visitor won brilliantly, and the Club-champion dumbfounded, asked for his vanquisher's name. "Anderssen?" he exclaimed; "ah, that explains it. You must be the great Anderssen. No one else could give *me* the Queen." "No," said the visitor; "I am merely his namesake; but I have a friend who knows the great Anderssen. When my friend plays me he gives me the Q. and usually wins; but when he plays the great Anderssen he gets the Q. and loses."

To pick from Anderssen's games is truly an *embarras de richesse*. Surely not the "Immortal"; nor the "Evergreen"; nor the famous one against Zuckertort! Not quite so well known is one of Anderssen's wins in his 1858 match against Morphy, and the final phase of the endgame gains some topical interest by dint of its similarity with Alexander's recent Marathon against Bronstein.



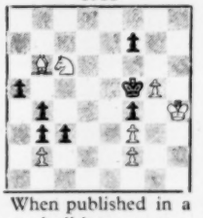
(59)	Q-Q5 ch	(66) Q-KB3 ch	Q-Q6
(60) K-B1	P-R5	(67) Q-KB6 ch	K-Kt6
(61) Q-KB5 ch	K-B3	(68) Q-Kt6 ch	K-B7!
(62) Q-QB8	K-Kt4!	(69) Q-QR7	Q-QB6 ch
(63) K-K1	P-B4	(70) K-K2	P-R6
(64) Q-Kt7 ch	K-B5	(71) Q-R4 ch	K-Kt7
(65) Q-KB7 ch	K-B6	(72) Q-Kt4 ch	Q-Kt6

A: Adolf Anderssen
1864

Pride of place, in this week's competition, obviously belongs to our hero who provides a very easy 4-pointer for beginners. White administered a mate in 2. How? **B**—White to draw—may be underrated with 6 points but for the helpful hint that the Kt has to perform quite amazing stunts so as to entice the Black K away from his P. This is said to be the present world-champion's favourite study, one more reason to use it in a piece about the first world champion and on the eve of another title match. **C**—White to win—is very difficult and far from obvious. When published in a *Schach-Echo* competition it stumped all but one competitor. I hope, our famous *kraftlösers* will do better than that. Usual prizes. Entries by March 22.

B: A. Chekover
1948

C: H. H. Staudte
1935



REPORT ON COMPETITION

Set February 20

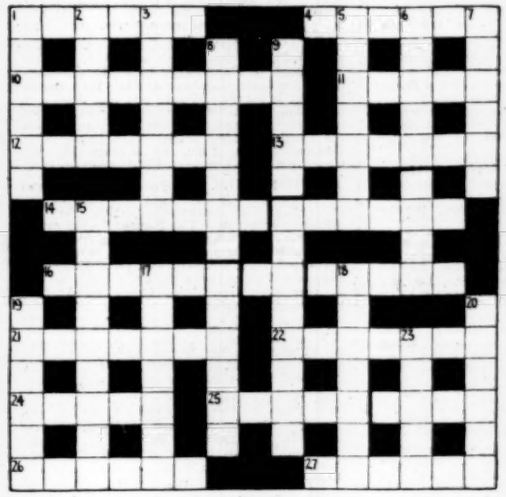
A: (1) B x KP, QPxB (2) P-Q6 ch, B x P. (3) R-Q1 etc.
B: (1) . . . R-K6. (2) P-Kt7? R x B! (3) P. queens, Kt-Q7ch (4) K-R1, R-B8 ch!! (5) R x R, P-Kt7 ch. (6) K-R2, P x R (Kt!!) ch. (7) K-R1, Kt. (7) -Kt6 ch. (8) K-Kt1, P-R7ch etc.
if (7) . . . K x P, Kt-B5 mate.
C: (1) P-B7, R-R8 ch. (2) K-B2! R-B4 ch. (3) K-Kt2, R(8)-QB8. (4) P-Kt4 ch! K x P. (5) R-Kt3 ch, K-R4. (6) R-R3 ch, K-Kt3. (7) P-B8(Kt!) ch R x Kt. (8) R-Kt3 ch, K-R4 (9) R-R3 ch, K-Kt5. (10) R-Kt3 ch, K-B5. (11) R-Q3!! etc.

These were tough nuts, and most competitors dropped a point or two by failing to plumb the full depth of **B** and/or **C**. Prizes shared by E. W. Carmichael, D. E. Cohen, A. J. Roycroft, A. Schneider. *Londoners' 18th move P-B4. Non-Londoners' 19th due by March 17th.*

ASSIAC

Week-end Crossword No. 91

Prizes: Three book tokens of 15s. for the first correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 91, N.S. & N., Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1, by first post on March 23



ACROSS

1. Attractive and a little more than round (6).
4. Appearances in making him a gesture (6).
10. Handicap a horse which is superior to all others (9).
11. Fear God and Sir Herbert (5).
12. Duration of a show with bad material in Lancashire (7).
13. Ruined front in a seaside town (7).
14. Surely not the place to get advice on banishing modern pantomime royalty? (7, 6).
16. Subject of a sour novel? (6, 2, 5).
21. Shaking and shuffling a lot more (7).
22. Plate for a spirited horse (7).
24. In always being returned the Tory provides entertainment (5).
25. Needing four to win another clue (5, 4).
26. County for fowl (6).
27. Mother of Xerxes at a mountain (6).

DOWN

1. Antics of a number of mimics (6).
2. I appear in an act in Italy (5).
3. It takes a bad actor to make fun of the couch (7).
5. The diaphragm puts the doctor and me in a bad mood (7).
6. Burns perhaps? What a surprise! (5, 4).
7. Track partisanship? (6).
8. Sportswear nearly all understocked (7, 6).
9. But these military men are not personnel managers (5, 8).
15. The French bear with fairies for us (9).
17. Get in touch with me or a sound family (7).
18. Litmus, for example, may change at green (7).
19. "Was everything by ——, and nothing long" (Dryden) (6).
20. She has a gun to start her (6).
23. Polished interpretation? (5).

SET-SQUARE

Solution to No. 89

PRIZEWINNERS TO No. 89

Form 5 (nursing) Estcourt High School (Hull), Mrs. Marie Savage (Canterbury), J. & R. Fremlin (Birmingham, 15).

WHERE TO STAY

HASTINGS. Book your holiday now. Comfortable private house in beautiful position overlooking sea. Terms: March-June, 6*gns.*, June-Sept. 7*gns.* Box 6252.

IT'S been a hard winter, so why not have a short break at Easter and stay at the Historical Crab & Lobster Hotel, Ventnor, Isle of Wight. Excellent continental chef. 25*s.* to 27*s.* 6*d.* per day. Summer terms 7*gns.* to 11*gns.* weekly.

WINTER terms still in "Best Climate" (town claim). Twin-bedded 5½/6½*gns.*; Annexe 4½*gns.*; Incl. "extras"; htd. bedroom. 2 Lounges. Meat/Vegetarian. Brochure free. 'Phone Hastings 4784. Kindly guests praise happy spirit at Normanhurst Private Hotel, Sea Front, St. Leonards, Sussex. Nr. Orchestra.

OLD Plaw Hatch, Nr. East Grinstead, Kathleen Batten's friendly hotel on the edge of Ashdown Forest. Lovely walks and good food at the end of them. Club licence. Sharpthorne 17.

SPRINGTIME in unspoilt rural Essex (27 miles London). "Chantry Mead," Hatfield Heath, Nr. Bishop's Stortford (Hatfield Heath 263) offers restful holidays with good food, sunny rooms, mod. cons., large garden.

PAYING Guests welc. Modernised farmhse. Ideally sitd. Wenlock Edge. Surman, Presthope Farm, Much Wenlock, Salop.

RYE: Simon-the-Pieman Tearooms, Lion St., receive guests. Tel. Rye 2207.

DEVON, Easton Court Hotel, Chagford 3169, is still going strong. Small warm house, good food, pleasant country for hunting, golf, walking.

THE Continental (recommended by Labour Pty.), St. Leonards-on-Sea. Hastings 4571.

CARMARTHEN Bay. Country house in lovely coastal setting. Bus route Tenby & Pendine. Home produce. Tennis & billiards. Terms £6 6*s.* Broadway Mansion, Laugharne, Carms. Laugharne 25.

MOUNTAIN farm, Snowdonia. Beautiful rooms, views and food. Hot baths. Log fires. 7*gns.* incl. Box 5642.

BOURNEMOUTH. Connaught Court, W. Cliff. Tel. 1944. 33 rms., 200 yds. sea front. Gdns., Putting Green, Garages. Superlative food. 6*gns.* weekly, 8-9*gns.* summer.

OXFORD 8 miles. Croft House, Burcot, nr. Abingdon. Warmth, comfort, good food. A.A., R.A.C. Clifton Hampden 232.

SYGUN Fawr, Beddgelert, N. Wales. Perfect centre for inexpensive mountain holidays. Details: Mr. & Mrs. Paul Work.

HILL-lovers offer hospitality in converted farmhouse, beautifully and remotely situated in heart of Welsh Mountains near Llyn Geirionydd. Modern comforts, very good food and fires. Friendly and informal. 5/6*gns.* George & Elaine Bonner, Penrallt, Trefriw. Telephone Llanwrst 166.

BEAUTIFUL Cotswold Guest House. Own produce. April 1-May 31, 3-5*gns.* June 1 onwards 4-6*gns.* A few vacancies for Easter 15*s.* to 18*s.* daily. Steanbridge, Nr. Stroud, Glos. Telephone Painswick 2312.

MRS. S. James, "Bryn-Mor," Cadgwith, Helston. Comfortable board residence on South Cornish coast. Fresh shellfish, Cornish cream, etc. Excellent sea view, all mod. cons. Bookings May-September.

CORNWALL, Port Isaac, Carn Haven Guest Hse. overlkg. sea. H. & c. most bedrms. Excel. food, farm prod. Tel. 286.

WHERE TO STAY—continued

PICTURESQUE Tudor Farmhouse, Dorset Village. Quiet, secluded, 2 mins. Salisbury-Weymouth bus. 2½ hrs. Waterloo to door. Comf. accom. Own produce. Personal serv. Cuisine of distinction. Parties & families welc. Manor Farmhouse, East Woodyates, Salisbury. A "chez Sebastien" Guest House.

NORTH CORNWALL Coast. Cottage Guest Hse. Sands 5 mins. H. & C. No extras. Clifton Cottage, Ireknow, Tintagel. Tel. 272.

ST. IVES, Cornwall. Accom. in artist's house from March 30. Redgrave, 1 Island Rd., St. Ives.

PENDINE Sands. Homely, comfortable accommodation, beautiful country and coastal scenery, safe bathing. Good table, home produce, 5½*gns.*, Summer terms 6*gns.*, special terms family party. Tel. Pendine 226. Llethr, Pendine, Carmarthenshire. No vacancies for July 24-September 4.

SALCOMBE. The loveliest spot in South Devon. Spend your holiday in a beautiful country house, standing in 2-acre garden, with perfect sea views from every window, also of Prawle Point and Bolt Head. Not a Hotel, not a Guest House, but the house of your dreams, run for you as gentlefolk had their homes run twenty years ago. Peace, beauty, willing service. Mrs. Edwards, Grafton Towers, Salcombe. Tel. 282.

BURNHAM Beeches, Bucks. Homely cottage accommodation for hikers, cyclists. Terms moderate. Box 5875.

PORTHLEVEN, S. Cornwall. Tye Rock Hotel. Loveliest position on sunny Cornish coast. Every comfort. "Home" cooking. A.A. recommended.

OLD Sussex Village, comfortable accomm. and good country food at Blenheim Farm, Robertsbridge. Horses for hire. 5*gns.* wkly. Summer terms 6*gns.* Robertsbridge 148.

MULLION, South Cornwall. Why not spend your holiday at this picturesque Cornish resort and stay at the Mounts Bay Hotel? Every comfort, h. & c. and spring interior mattresses all rooms. Open all the year. Write for brochure. Resident Proprietors: Mr. & Mrs. R. Poynter.

GUESTS welcomed in country cottage on West Cornish coast. 5½*gns.* Nora Frame, Mariners Cottage, Botallack, St. Just.

SNOWDONIA. Accommodation. Charming modernised cottage. Central. Hot baths. Morning tea. Early bookings advisable. Bed & breakfast 4*gns.* weekly. Extras as required. Packed lunch, tea, light supper. Stamp: Proprietress, "Noddfa," Beddgelert.

BEAUTIFUL Countryside with comfort & good food. Te Whare Hotel, Horam, Sussex (Eastbourne line). Horeham Rd. 32.

SWANAGE. Vegetarian Guest House overlkg. sea. Continental ckg. Children welc. Broch.: "Waveney," Park Rd. Tel. 2804.

CORNISH Riviera. Rooms facing South and sea, mid-promenade. Bed & bkfast. 9*s.* 6*d.* Steen, 4 Marine Terrace, Penzance.

S.W. Cornish fishing village. Rest, relax, refresh in Torre Vean Private Hotel, Porthleven. Lt. Cdr. H. C. Selby.

LITTLE Guide to Britain's recommended Village Inns, Hotels, Farms, Guesthouses —The Bide-a-While Book. 3*s.* 6*d.*, postage 3*d.* Victor Hilton, Harbourside, Torquay.

MAENDEWI Farm, St. David's, Pembs. Holiday accom. fr. Easter-Autumn. Good food, mod. cons. Mrs. A. J. Williams.

WHERE TO STAY—continued

SEA Palling, Norfolk. Quiet village near Broads, delightful beach. Good food (vegetarian optional). Open Easter. S.a.e. Woodbine Guest House, Tel. Hickling 236.

BOOK your Spring or Summer holiday now! Highfield Vegetarian Guest House, The Heads, Keswick, amongst beautiful lake and mountain scenery, offers friendliness, comfort, first-class food. Anne Horner. Telephone 508.

HORSES to ride, boats to sail, and no time limits. 6*gns.* with full board. Steeple Bay Camp, Southminster 271.

FARM Holidays. The 1954 Farm Holiday Guide describes Britain's Best Holiday Farms. Pages of pictures. 3*s.* 2*d.* post free. Farm Guide, 49 Broomlands St., Paisley.

RYE, The Hope Anchor, R.A.C., A.A. approved. Licensed. Secluded walled garden. Superb position in a lovely centre for Spring holidays. Rye 2216.

BRUSH up your French, German or Russian in guest-house in peaceful Irish village. Modern comforts. Pleasant, walled gardens. Continental cooking. Recommended by former guests. £4 10*s.* weekly. Box 5649.

BOOK Irish holiday now in lovely Connemara. Modern licensed guest house. H.c. all bedrooms. Continental cuisine. Bathing, boating, fishing, motoring available. Mod. terms. Broch. Mrs. Grenville Holms, Dooneen House, Letterfrack, Co. Galway.

WEST Coast of Ireland. Have holidays here this year and enjoy the sea breezes and mountain air. Avondale House, Mulrany, Co. Mayo.

COTE d'Azur. Typical Provençal hotel, beautiful quiet situation above sandy beach. Mod. comfs., 1st-class cuisine, own cabin cruiser. Casino, dancing. Red. rates to end June. Ill. broch.: Ermitage, Bandol (Var).

CALELLA de Palafrugell. Unspoilt Spanish fishing village. Small Pensjon run by English lady. Box 5826.

PARIS, 3 mins. Gare du Nord, Hotel Champagne Mulhouse; all comf. from 700 frs. 87 Bd. Strasbourg.

PYRENEES (near): Friendly family offers simple accom., 2/3 persons; good excursion centre; garden; inside sanitation. Full board 1,000 francs per day. Mme. Blancy, Boeil-Bezing, près Pay, France (B.P.).

LAKE Thun. Hols. in charming chalet, beautiful pos. overlooking lake. Garden, garage. Mod. comfts. May/June red. rates. Prosp.: Signotell, Chalet Sodmatte, Spiez.

HOTEL "Le Grand Pre," Le Bez, La Salle-les-Alpes, Htes. Alpes. Delightful situation amid Alpine flora. Winter sports; holidays in every season. 1,200 to 1,800 frs. per day all included.

PEACE and good food in beautiful setting. Villa Massoni, Massa Centro, Tuscany, stands in terraced garden very near sea and mountains. Easy access to Pisa, Lucca, Lerici, Viareggio. 1,800 lire per day July, August, otherwise 1,500 lire.

FRENCH Riviera, hols., charming villa nr. sea, spacious grnds., all comf. B. & B. fr. 23*s.* day. Mrs. Vines, Cap d'Antibes.

TYPING AND TRANSLATIONS

EXPERIENCED typist, own machine, requires work at home. Box 6169.

HAZEL Porteous will type your Thesis, Novel, Play or Technical MS. Efficient personal serv., highly recom. by prominent writers. 79 Hamilton Rd., Felixstowe, Suffolk.

TYPING, etc.—continued

TYPING MSS. and Theses intelligently typed. Checked by experienced reader. Obscure handwriting deciphered. Dutton's Secretarial Service, 92 Gt. Russell St., W.C.1. Ring Miss Topham, MUS. 7379.

FIRST-class Duplctg./Typing serv. Dictation, Theses, MSS, etc. Confidential. Miss Stone, 446 Strand, W.C.2. TEM. 5984.

THE Hampstead Secretarial Bureau can supply First-class Secretaries by the half-day or day, and an office for private dictation for brief or lengthy periods. Plays, Novels, Theses etc., are all typed intelligently and efficiently at top speed. Mod. charges. 2a Downshire Hill, N.W.3. HAM. 8879.

SECRETARIAL Aunts; all types of Secretarial Services, shorthand typists, etc. Literary/commercial typing, duplicating, etc. 4-day service for any length M.S. Special rates students and societies. 32 34 Rupert St., Piccadilly Circus, W.1. GER. 1067/8/9.

TYPING & Duplicating. Quick, efficient service. GRO. 7993. Crystal Bureau, 7 Pitts Head Mews, Park Lane, W.1.

A FIRST-Class Duplicating/Typing Secretarial service. Mabel Eyles, 395 Hornsey Road, N.19. ARC. 1765, Ext. 1.

DUPLICATING typing/verbatim reporting. An efficient and express service. Please telephone BAY. 1786.

ABBEY Secretarial Bureau, 157 Abbey House, Victoria St., S.W.1 (ABB. 3772). First-class typing. Rapid duplicating (in colours), circularising, theses, testimonials, etc.

DUPLICATING, outstanding illustrated or straight work. Translns. Qualityprint, 87 Tottenham Court Rd., W.1. MUS. 0380.

JEAN McDougall for typing, translations, 24-hour duplicating service. 31 Kensington Church St., London, W.8. WEStern 5809.

SCHOOLS

HILL House, Steeple Claydon, nr. Bletchley, Bucks, home boarding school, co-ed., 2-12. Fees £50 term. Good academic results. Children/parents welcome in holidays. Mrs. J. E. M. Winter, B.A.

MONKTON Wyld School, Charmouth, Dorset. School Farm, T.T. Cows. All-round practical and cultural education for boys and girls 9-18. Principals: Carl and Eleanor Urban.

ST. CATHERINE'S, Almondsbury, nr. Bristol. Co-ed.; boarding; all ages. Overlooking Channel, Welsh Hills. Music, Dancing, Drama, Crafts, etc. Ralph Cooper, M.A., and Joyce Cooper.

HERTFORDSHIRE. Sherrardswood School, Welwyn Garden City. A co-educational Independent day and boarding school for children aged 4 to 18 years. Junior School (children aged 4 to 10) is in a separate building, a Georgian mansion in its own grounds. Senior School (children aged 11 to 18) work up to G.C.E. Ordinary, Advanced and Scholarship levels. Small classes. Special attention paid to the less academic child, and facilities for practical work and out-of-school activities.

SMALL group of weekly boarders accepted at St. Mary's Town and Country School, 38/40 Eton Ave., N.W.3. PRImrose 4306. Elizabeth Paul.

TYLEHURST School, Forest Row, Sussex. Boys and Girls (5-13). Freedom, health and happiness as basis of education. Apply Dorothy Mumford, B.Sc.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT

The engagement of persons answering these advertisements must be made through a Local Office of the Ministry of Labour or a Scheduled Employment Agency if the applicant is a man aged 18-64 inclusive or a woman aged 18-59 inclusive unless he or she, or the employment, is excepted from the provisions of the Notification of Vacancies Order, 1952.

THE University of Liverpool. Applications are invited for the post of Lecturer in the Department of Psychology at an initial salary within the range £650–£1,100 according to qualifications and experience. The Lecturer is primarily to be responsible for vocational courses leading to a newly established post-graduate Diploma in Applied Psychology. Special qualifications and experience in the field of vocational selection, guidance and training is essential. Applications, stating age, academic qualifications and experience, together with the names of three referees, should be received not later than March 26, 1954, by the undersigned, from whom further particulars, obtainable.—Stanley Dumbell, Registrar.

LONDON County Council. Education Inspectorate—Inspector of Commercial Education (Man or Woman) required to inspect, advise on and organise commercial education in secondary schools and establishments of further education. Teaching experience in commercial subjects, preferably including shorthand and typewriting, essential. Business experience desirable. Salary: £803-£1,215; appointment may be made above minimum. Application forms, with full details, from Education Officer (EO Estab.2.U), County Hall, London, S.E.1, must be returned by March 26. (205.)

LONDON School of Economics and Political Science. (University of London.) Applications are invited for the post of child-care supervisor to a course in applied social studies (social casework) to be inaugurated in October, 1954. The person appointed will be responsible for a student unit and will work in a children's department outside London. Candidates must have had considerable experience of casework with children. They should also have experience of supervising students training for casework and themselves have taken a course which included such supervision either in this country or in America, e.g., a University mental health course. Commencing salary £600-£700 per annum, according to experience. Applications, with the names of three referees, should be submitted within three weeks of appearance of this advertisement to Sec., London School of Economics and Political Science, Houghton Street, W.C.2, from whom further particulars may be obtained.

LONDON School of Economics and Political Science (University of London). Applications are invited for a post as Research Assistant for work in Political Science and Public Administration. Candidates with a good degree in Political Science and Economics preferred. Knowledge of French would be useful. Initial salary £350-£450 per annum, according to qualifications and experience. Applications should be received by the Secretary, Government Research Division, London School of Economics and Political Science, Houghton Street, Aldwych, W.C.2, not later than March 19, 1954.

TEACHER-Directrice, International Nursery School. Candidates sought for post vacant 1954-55 school year. Education: (1) Teaching degree; (2) advanced specialised training and qualifications in nursery school education. Experience: At least 3 years' teaching pre-school age children, including responsibility for related parent activities. Contract: One year subject to renewal at 9,000 Swiss francs per annum and noon meal. Travel expenses paid to Geneva from residence in Europe or European port of entry. Submit curriculum vitæ giving details education and experience to: United Nations Nursery School, 1 Avenue de la Paix, Geneva.

LONDON Co-operative Society, Limited, Education Department. Applications are invited for the post of Cultural Organiser. Duties will include the supervision of choirs, orchestras and drama groups, the arranging of concerts, exhibitions and festivals, and the preparation of minutes and reports. A sound knowledge of the Co-operative Movement is essential. Salary scale £468×£20 to £559. Initial salary according to experience and qualifications. Forms of application and further particulars from the Education Secretary, 34 Tavistock Square, W.C.1. Closing date for applications March 25, 1954.

HOLIDAY Master or Mistress, resident, required April 1st to April 29th to coach English and or Mathematics, able to organise games and supervise outings; about 50-60 boys. Apply giving full particulars of experience and copies of references to Headmaster, Whittingehame College, Brighton, 6.

OCCUPATIONAL Therapist (Male) required. Candidates should possess a recognised qualification. National Whitley Council Scale. Established, pensionable, subject to medical examination. Applications, giving full details of age, experience, etc., with names of 3 refs., to Physician Superintendent, St. Bernard's Hospital for Nervous & Mental Disorders, Southall, Middlesex.

ASSISTANT required to help train handicapped boys (15 and over) in manual work. Interest in Rudolf Steiner methods desirable. Applicants without previous experience also considered. Principal, Larkfield Hall Annexe, Nr. Maidstone.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

CITY of Leicester Education Committee. School Psychological Service. It is proposed to appoint a Psychologist Trainee to the above Service, which comprises a complete school psychological service touching every branch of the work. It functions in close association with a fully staffed Child Guidance Unit. Facilities include a day school for maladjusted children and a residential hostel for maladjusted children. The training course will last not more than 2 years. Comprehensive theoretical and practical training will be given introducing the trainee to the main testing procedures, and to methods of therapy and educational guidance. Applicants should hold a degree of psychology, should have appropriate previous experience (e.g., teaching) and be desirous of taking up professional psychological work with children. A maintenance allowance at the rate of £300 p.a. will be paid. Applications, in writing, should be made to the undersigned within 14 days of the appearance of this advertisement, and should include the names of three persons to whom reference could be made. Elfed Thomas, Director of Education, Newarke St., Leicester.

HULL Council of Social Service, Consultation Centre. Applications are invited from caseworkers with good professional qualifications for a new post of senior standing at the Centre. Preference will be given to a candidate with experience in psychiatric social work and a salary of £600 p.a. will be offered to a well-qualified candidate. Applications with names of two referees to the Head of the Department of Social Studies, University College, Hull, by March 18.

MIDDLESEX County Council—Education Cttee. Senior Psychiattic Social Worker rqd., initially at Uxbridge Child Guidance Centre. Mental Health Certificate of L.S.E. or P.S.W.'s Cert. of Manchester or Edinburgh University. Experience essential. Salary £530×£20—£670 p.a. if 26 or over (minimum abated by £15 for each year or part of year short of 2 years' experience since qualification). Established subject to medical assessment & prescribed conditions. Application forms from Divisional Education Officer, Education Offices, Local County Offices, High St., Uxbridge, returnable by March 20 (quote N.164, N.S.N.). Canvassing disqualifies

DR. BARNARDO'S Homes seek Woman Welfare Officer for London Area (non-resident). Must be experienced in Social Work and hold professional qualification. Not under 25 years of age. C. of E. or Free Church. Write Miss Dyson (A), Dr. Barnardo's Homes, Stepney Causeway, E.1.

RESIDENT Home Warden (female) to supervise the female staff homes and be responsible for comfort and welfare of female staff, required at Long Grove Hospital for Mental Disorders, Epsom, Surrey. Experience in dealing with young people and their recreational activities. Salary £440×£15—£500 p.a. Residential charge £130 p.a. Administrative and Clerical Whitley Council conditions of service. Applications with full details and copy references to Matron.

COUNTIES of Leicester and Rutland. Matron required for Brooksby Hall Farm Institute (36 resident men students) with training or experience in institutional management. Salary £240×£10—£300 with free board and residence. Post pensionable—medical examination. Apply, naming two referees, to the Principal, Brooksby Hall Farm Institute, nr. Melton Mowbray.

EXPD. social worker as part-time organising sec. for Hampstead Old People's Welfare Assn. Write 38 Belsize Grove, N.W.3.

WORLD Health Organization invites applications from (A) Stenographers and secretaries of English mother tongue for tests to be held in London in May to recruit for the Stenographic Pool, Geneva. Standards required: secondary school education plus School Certificate; minimum 2 years' office experience; 100 w.p.m. shorthand, 50 w.p.m. typing. Age limits 21-40. Contracts offered minimum 2 years. (B) First-class copy typists (two vacancies) (Geneva). Conditions as above. Typing speed 75 w.p.m. (C) W.H.O. Regional Office (Brazzaville, French Equatorial Africa) has a few vacancies for secretaries. Contract 1-2 years. Similar standards to above. Applications should be sent to the Examination Board, Room 222, W.H.O., Palais des Nations, Geneva, clearly stating preference for (A), (B) or (C), giving snapshot (not returnable), name and address, nationality at birth and at present, mother-tongue, age, education, speeds and full details experience. Further information will be sent only to those selected for testing. Closing date March 20.

THE Union of Maccabi Associations, one of the leading Jewish youth organisations in this country, requires the services of a Youth Club Development Officer for promoting its aims and objects in its 21 Clubs in England and Scotland. The applicant should have experience in Youth Club work, including sports and cultural activities and must be prepared to work evenings and week-ends. Commencing salary £750 p.a. Please write giving full particulars of career to Box 6068.

SECRETARY, exp. shorthand correspondent, intelligent, to be in charge, age 25/35. Jewish holidays off. Write exp. & sal. reqd. Convex, 41 Brecknock Rd., N.7.

STELLA Fisher Bureau, 15 Strand, W.C.2. All office staff, perm. and temp. Typewriting: duplicating TRAfalgar 9090.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

ART Editor wanted for "Illustrated." This is a vacancy for a fully experienced man of outstanding qualifications, with creative ideas in magazine format and design, plus ability to handle picture feature from the initial collection and selection of pictures to the complete layout for pages. Please apply in writing to the Editor, "Illustrated," 189 High Holborn, London W.C.1.

CHIEF accountant able to assume complete control of accounts, statistics and organisation of several offices required by a Jewish organisation. Applicants who must have complete knowledge German and be willing take up residence in Western Germany, should apply, giving full particulars, to Box 6266.

SMALL Adult Educational Centre in Oxfordshire reqs. immediately Cook Housekeeper and Maintenance Man. 2-room flatlet available. 10 to 40 to cook for. Aga, elec. plant, boiler, etc. Apply Warden, Braziers Park, Ipsden.

SENIOR Matrons and Assistant Matrons (res.) reqd. in delightful country homes for children. Sussex, Hants and Dorset. Protestant posts. Write Mr. Hartley (A), Dr. Barnardo's Homes, Stepney Causeway, E.1.

RESIDENT Secretary/Receptionist reqd. by Worcestershire Children's Home. Interesting and varied work, good accom. Reply, giving full details of exper., age, salary reqd., addresses of 2 refs. Box 6288.

WANTED for popular women's magazine, Correspondence Typist, 28-35, high typing speeds, good English, able compose own replies to readers' queries. Box 6331.

ENGLISH-German Shorthand Secretary to Managing Director small active Export Company Westminster. Initiative and good educational background essential. Good salary. Detailed applications to Box 6375.

A PANEL of Temporary Shorthand and Copy Typists is being enrolled by St. Stephen's Secretariat for work during the Spring & Summer. Long/short periods as desired. All parts London. 2 Broad St. Pl., Finsbury Circus, or 38 Parliament St., S.W.1.

TEMPORARY Clerks required for approx. 4-6 months, for Vac. Work, Farm Camps & Foreign Students. Preferably used to office routine, figures, typing. Also one shorthand-typist, sal. acc. to exp. Write for forms of applic. to Vacation Work Organiser, 3 Endsleigh St., W.C.1.

SHORTHAND-Typ., pref. married woman, reqd. for confidential work. 5-day week. Apply in writing to Family Discussion Bureau, 4 Chandos St., Cavendish Sq., W.1.

PUBLISHERS require fast copy typist, keen to learn and assist in production. CEN. 9921.

TEMP. Sh./typs.; C/Typs. &c. reqd. for int. wk. High rates of pay. GER. 1069.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

MAN, 28, earning £650 p.a. because he is 28 and has spent 5½ years at a desk exporting light metals seeks higher income through opportunity exercise initiative. Good French, Spanish. Box 6231.

AUSTRIAN (British subject), male, seeks post, Book-keeper, wages (P.A.Y.E.) clerk, cashier, costing, English/German correspondence (typing). Box 6305.

EXPERIENCED secretary reqs. post with opportunity to use stifled initiative. Interested in the arts. Wd. welcome anything offering creative possibilities. Box 6220.

BI-LINGUAL lady secretary, 25, French & English shthnd. 9 yrs. office exp., res. Port Said, sks. post anywhere U.K. Box 5938.

YOUNG woman, international-minded, interested nature, music, art, seeks work in community. Box 6237

EXPERIENCED book-keeper-cashier-typist (female). Free April 5. Box 6367.

EXPERIENCED secretary free occasionally. ARC. 1765/MOU. 1701.

EMPLOYERS requiring well-trained junior secretary/shorthand-typists are invited to apply to the Langham Secretarial College, 18 Dunraven Street, Park Lane, W.1. Tel. MAYfair 2905.

BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS

DOES Design exist in its own right, or is it indissolubly bound up with sales and profit earning? This and other fundamental questions are critically examined in the March issue of "Art & Industry." From your newsagent, price 2*s.* 6*d.*

COOKERY Classics of the Century. "Indian Cookery," by Veerasawmy, 224 pages, the only authentic Indian Cook book. Outstanding, 10*s.* 6*d.* Countess Morphy's "Recipes of All Nations." 640 pages, complete 16*s.*, and her "Mushroom Recipes," only 7*s.* 6*d.* Published by Arco Publishing Co., Ltd., 10 Fitzroy Street, London, W.1., and available from all good booksellers.

UNITARIANS. What do they believe? Information and literature on receipt of stamp, from Mrs. Dickin, 17a Hermitage St., Crewkerne, Somerset.

RELIGION and the Modern World. Special Spring number of "The Plain View," the Humanist Quarterly, articles by J. H. Oldham, Lance Whyte, H. J. Blackham, J. B. Coates, and others. 1*s.* 1½*d.* (post free) from 4a Inverness Place, London, W.2.

BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS—continued

DRAMA Quarterly Theatre Review. Spring No. now ready. Articles: J. W. Lambert (current plays); John Fernald (Russian Theatre); Wynyard Browne (playwriting); Allan Wade (Eugene O'Neill's plays); Henzie Brown (an American Theatre Conference). Book Reviews; Correspondence; Illustrations. 1*s.* 7½*d.* (6*s.* 6*d* per annum) post free from "Drama," 9 Fitzroy Sq., W.1.

CHOICE for this month in R.U. is "The Shoals of Capricorn," by F. D. Ommanney. Available elsewhere at 21*s.*, R.U. members get it for 5*s.* Would you like details of this plan which offers such bargains to its members? Then ask for the "Cheaper Books for Lively Minds" leaflet from Dept. N33, Readers Union, Ltd., 38 William IV St., Charing Cross, London (TEM. 0525/6/7).

FEATHERBEDS and Hen Batteries, Cheap Food and Flu', are some of a wide variety of topical and informative articles in the current number of "The Farmer"—the organ of sanity in a crazy world. Whether you're a townsman with a stomach or a farmer with a featherbed, it concerns you too. Edited by Newman Turner, price 2*s.* 6*d.* a copy, or 10*s.* a year post free, from Ferne Farm (N), Shaftesbury, Dorset.

ALL the facts and a calendar of proposals on Germany. "Trying to Save Europe," by Quaestor in the March Labour Monthly. Order 1*s.* 6*d.* all newsagents, or 9*s.* ½-yr's sub, from 4N.S., 134 Ballards Lane, London, N.3.

PROS and cons of a "United Socialist Party"—a reply to the I.L.P.—see this month's Socialist Standard. Also articles on Religion, Austria and the E.T.U. strikes. Send 4*d.* stamps to-day, S.P.G.B., 52 Clapham High Street, S.W.4.

"HEALTHY Childhood" by Jessie R. Thomson. "Commonsense and sincerity."—A. S. Neill. "Can be unreservedly recommended."—Daily Mail. By post 8*s.* from the Kingston Clinic, Edinburgh, 9.

WANTED: Long runs of Horizon; Criterion; Scrutiny; Transition & similar Journals. Large & small Libraries also purchased. Fisher & Sperr, Booksellers, 46 Highgate High St., London, N.6. (MOU. 7244.)

VINCENT Cleland, Foreign Books. All enquiries welcomed. 155c Clapton Common, E.5. (STA. 1849.)

3,508 German second-hand Novels, Plays, etc., in Catalogue 50. Libris, 38a Boundary Rd., London, N.W.8. MAI. 3030.

WANTED, Books & pamphlets on Socialism, Communism, Russia, China, Trotsky, and private libraries, large or small. Hammersmith Bookshop, W.6. RIV. 6807.

GERMAN books in 7 rooms: Libris, 38a Boundary Rd., N.W.8. MAI. 3030.

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PERSONAL

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PERSONAL—continued

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PERSONAL—continued

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MATHEMATICIAN coaches to General Cert. of Educ. and to open Scholarship level. 33 Nottingham Place, W.1. WEL. 8022.

THE Central Board for Conscientious Objectors, 6 Endsleigh St., W.C.1, offers its advice on matters of conscience to those liable for National Service and to Reservists.

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P.S. Harold Ingham has still some vacancies in all Summer School parties but several are now more than half made up. Apply now for a programme while you may still choose between Barcelona, Rome, Venice, Lausanne, Mayrhofen, Ljubljana. Example—Barcelona—26 days—33½*gns.* incl. Write to 15 St. John's Rd., Harrow, or 'phone Harrow 1040.

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CAN you house us? Young Swedish historian, wife and baby, in London May-July, pref. with family where wife cd. help in household/children. Karl Birnbaum, Holbergsgatan, 154 Bromma, Sweden.

NIGERIAN medical student sks. furn. flat or flatlet within 35 min. Whitechapel. 0 to 55 shillings. Box 6235.

WANTED: To rent, Cottage for 4-6, for six weeks from end August. Rural district, within 50 miles London. Box 6031.

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READERS' MARKET

FOR Sale: Complete set King Penguin books 1-68 as new, offers?; Encyclopedia Britannica, 14th edition, condition as new, £25; Keesing's Contemporary Archives, 1946-52, £20; Spanish Linguaphone, as new, £10; Grundig Tape Recorder, new and guaranteed, latest model, 66*gns.* (London); Grand Piano; Schick Electric Razor, complete; Typewriter.

WANTED: Early numbers "Transition," "Little Review"; "Play-Making," by William Archer; Rosenberg, History Bolshevism; Borkenau, Communist International; Trotsky, Chinese Revolution; Italian Linguaphone.

Send no money or goods in reply to the advertisements, but write first to N.S. & N. Readers' Market, Great Turnstile, mentioning advertisement and details (separate letter for each item). Charges under this heading, 2s. first word, 10d. a word after, including forwarding replies.

ENTERTAINMENTS

THEATRE Royal, Stratford, E.15. MAR. 1075. Tues.-Fri. 7.45, Sat. 6 & 8.30. Sun., Mar. 21, Club, 7.45. Tues., Mar. 16, for 2 weeks, "The Devil's Disciple."

ARTS. TEM. 3334. 7 (ex. Mon.), St., Sun. 5 & 8. "Blood Wedding." Mems. 10s. yrly.

UNITY Theatre (EUS. 5391)—"Timid People." Delightful new comedy of village life in China. Weds.-Suns. 7.30. Adm. 2s 6d. to 5s. 6d. Membs. 2s. 6d. a year.

IRVING (WHI. 8657). 7.30 (Sn. 6.30) Ellen Pollock in Grand Guignol. 10.30 (Sn. 9.30) Intimate Review. Membership 5s.

"LE Mariage de Figaro" of Beaumarchais will be presented by Queen Mary College French Society, at the People's Palace, Mile End Rd., on Thursday and Fri., March 18 & 19, at 7.30 p.m. Tickets from J. A. Gauld, Queen Mary College, E.1.

BIZET. "Pearl Fishers," intro. by Winton Dean. Illustrated by members Sadlers Wells cast. Sun., March 28, 8 p.m., at 4 St. James's Sq., S.W.1. Partics. Hon. Sec., 69 Kensington Court, W.8.

EVERYMAN. HAM. 1525. Until Mar. 14: Clair Season. "Les Belles de Nuit" (U). From March 15: "La Beauté Du Diable" (A).

MARBLE Arch Pav. "The Eva Braun & Hitler Story" (U) & "The Island Sinner" (X) 12.10, 2.45, 5.25, 8.5. Sn. 4.30, 7.5.

NAT. Film Theatre, S. Bank. Wat. 3232. Sat., Mar. 13, Claudette Colbert, Clark Gable in "It Happened One Night" (A). Dir. Frank Capra. 2, 4, 6, 8. Open to public.

PEOPLE'S Palace, ADV. 3520. Sun., Mar. 14; 7.30. "Aan" (Savage Princess). A.

SCALA Theatre. Sun., March 14, 7.30 only. "Volga-Don Canal," superb Soviet colour documentary of linking of five seas. With "Concert of Stars," featuring Ulanova, Shelest. Tkts. 3s., 3s. 6d., 4s., 7s. 6d., 10s. 6d., from Educ. Cttee., British Soviet F'ship. Soc. (CLE. 4161) or at door.

"ONE Great Vision" film of World Youth Festival, Rumania, at 40 Gt. Russell St., W.C.1 (opp. British Museum), Wednesday, March 17, 7.45. Admission free. Refreshments available. British Rumanian Friendship Assoc., 40 Gt. Russell St., W.C.1.

OPERA film "Marriage of Figaro" presented by Ilford New Era Film Society (VAL. 8406). 8 p.m., Tuesday, March 16. Seven Kings Library Hall.

A.C. presents another Dance at the Vienna Café, Berkeley Arcade, Baker St., opp. Station, on Saturday, March 13. Dancing to the Debonaires, 8-11 p.m. Spot prizes etc. Adm. 6s. including refreshments.

LA Cage! Licensed Club Cellar Bar open daily from 3 p.m. Dancing to Sacha Barnell, Saturdays & Sundays. Buffet. 137 Finchley Rd., Swiss Cottage, N.W.3.

I.C.A., 17 Dover St. W.1. GRO. 6186. Sat., March 13. Dancing from 8 p.m. to Derek Coleman-Dave De Vere Jazz Group. Mems. 3s., Guests 5s. Membership invited.

LONDON Jewish Graduates' Association presents a Purim Ball at the Rembrandt Rooms, Thurloe Place, S.W.7, on Sunday, March 21, 7.30-11.30 p.m. Tickets: 21s. Members; 25s. Visitors (incl. full supper) from 5 Radley House, Park Rd., N.W.1.

CENTRAL London Fabian Society Dance, Sat., Mar. 13, 7.30-11 Artworkers' Guildhall, 6 Queen Square, W.C.1. Adm. 3s.

CONCERTS

ROYAL Festival Hall. Sun. March 21 at 3. New London Quartet with Sir Malcolm Sargent (piano). Quintet in E flat—Schumann, Quartets, Beethoven & Sibelius. WAT. 3191.

ROYAL Festival Hall. Sun., Mar 28, at 3. Barylli Quartet. Quartets by Mozart (Hunt), Schubert (Rosamunde) and Beethoven (E minor, Op. 59 No. 2). WATerloo 3191.

LISZT Society Recital. Emelie Hooke, soprano; Gordon Watson, Robert Collet, piano. Thur., March 18, 7.30. Arts Council Drawing Room, 4 St. James's Sq., S.W.1. Goethe, Schiller, Heine songs; Soirees Italiennes de Mercadante, Les Patineurs, Csárdás Obstiné, Sinistre, Faust Waltz, etc. 6s. (Liszt Society members 5s.), Ibbs & Tillett (WEL. 8418), also hall, night of concert.

WIGMORE Hall, Sunday, March 14, 3 p.m. Chamber Music Recital by Peter Wallfisch, pianoforte, Christopher Bunting, violoncello. Works by Beethoven, Schubert, Bach, Brahms. Tickets 9s., 6s., 3s. from Hall, WEL. 2141

A CONCERT by the Marylebone Youth Symphony Orchestra (Conductor: Arthur Davison), will be presented for St. Marylebone Public Libraries at Rudolf Steiner Hall, 33 Park Road, N.W.1, on Monday, Mar. 15 at 8 p.m. Admission free.

KINGSTON: Ewan McColl Sings. At Coronation Hall, Monday, March 22, at 8 p.m. Grand Concert, also includes Fitzroy Coleman, W. M. A. Choir, Festival Dancers, London Pipers, Recorded Message from Paul Robeson & Thameside Unity Th. in scene from Shaw's "The Apple Cart." Adm. 2s.

EXHIBITIONS

MARLBOROUGH. 17-18 Old Bond St., W.1. Paul Signac (1863-1935): First Exhibition in London. Daily 10-5.30, Sat. 10-12.30. Until April 15.

EXHIBITIONS—continued

GANYMED Facsimiles & Turnstile Prints on show daily, 11 Great Turnstile, W.C.1. Illustrated catalogue 1s. post free.

TATE Gallery. Pleydell-Bouverie Collection of French Impressionist Paintings. Weekdays 10-6. Sunday 2-6. Adm. free.

PHOTOGRAPHS of Venetian Villas. R.I.B.A., 66 Portland Place, W.1. Till March 27. Mondays to Fridays 10-7; Saturdays 10-5. Admission free.

LEFEVRE Gallery, 30 Bruton St., W.1. French Paintings of the XIX and XX Century. Daily 10-5.30, Sats. 10-1.

WELLCOME Historical Medical Museum, 28 Portman Square, W.1. Exhibitions: Medicine under Three Queens—Elizabeth I, Anne, Victoria; Medicine of Aboriginal Peoples in the British Commonwealth. Daily (Sun. exc.) 10-5. Adm. free.

WHISTLER. An exhibition of Etchings, Dry-Points & Lithographs. Arts Council Gallery, 4 St. James's Square, S.W.1. Open till March 27. Mons., Weds., Fris., Sats. 10-6, Tues., Thurs. 10-8. Adm. free.

REDFERN Gallery, 20 Cork Street, W.1. Paintings by Pierre Dumont (1884-1936) "Maitre de Rouen." Hours 10-6, Sat. 10-1. Exhibition closes April 10.

ZWEMMER Gallery, 26 Litchfield St., W.C.2. Drawings France & Corsica. Evelyn Gibbs. Feb. 25-Mar. 20, 10-6, inc. Sat.

I.C.A. Gallery, 17-18 Dover Street, W.1. Recent British Drawings. Daily 10.30-6, closed Sundays. Members free, non-members 1s. 6d.

A.I.A. Gallery, 15 Lisle Street, Leicester Square. Russell Quay, paintings and sculpture; Gwen Barnard, Monoprints. 11-6 daily, Saturdays inc.

LE Club Contemporain, 8 Whitehorse Street, W.1, GRO. 1834, presents an exhibition of the work of John Jones. Daily 1 p.m. to 7 p.m. Paintings and Etchings.

GIMPEL Fils, 50 South Molton St., W.1. Until March 13: Collectors' Choice III —Modern French and British Paintings. From March 16: Recent Works by Peter Lanyon (Awarded Critics' Prize 1954).

W. G. GILLIES & John Maxwell and Steinlen. Two Arts Council Exhibitions. New Burlington Galleries, Old Burlington Street, W.1. Open till April 10. Mons., Weds., Fris., Sats. 10-6, Tues., Thurs. 10-8. Admission 1s. (to both exhibitions).

HANOVER Gallery, 32a St. George Street, London, W.1. Paintings by Stefan Knapp. Until April 9.

THE Coffee House, 3 Northumberland Ave., W.C.2. Paintings and Drawings by Ronald H. Ansell. Feb. 28-March 31.

BRIGHTON. Royal Pavilion. The State Apartments and King's Private Apartments with Regency furniture and works of art. Open daily 10-5 including Sundays.

BEAUX Arts Gallery, Bruton Place, W.1. Raymond Mason: Sculpture and Drawings. Dolf Rieser: Copper Engravings, Plaster Prints, Paintings.

HEAL'S New Designs, 1954. Exhibition of furniture, fabrics, pottery, carpets, etc., by leading designers. Fourth floor. Heal & Son, 196 Tottenham Court Rd., London, W.1.

"HAMPSTEAD Artists," a New Gallery for paintings, sculpture, crafts, 12 Perrins Crt., Hamp. High St. Daily exc. Sun.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

CONWAY Discussion Circle, South Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Weekly discussion in the Library on Tuesday at 7 p.m. Mar. 16. Alec Craig, "The Ideology of T. S. Eliot." Admission free. Collection. Junior Discussion Group, 7.15 p.m. Tonight Friday Mar. 12. Major G. Adcock, "Positive Ethics." Friday Mar. 19. R. S. W. Pollard, "The Art of Conferring."

LONDON Jewish Graduates' Assocn. Professor Norman Bentwich on "Judas Magnus." Arts Theatre Club, Gt. Newport St., W.C.2. Mon., March 15, 8 p.m. Vis. 2s.

"WOMEN in U.S.S.R." Alliance Hall, Caxton St., Westminster, S.W.1. Saturday, March 20, 7.15 p.m. Admission free.

FAWCETT Society: Mary Field on "Children and the Cinema"; Address and films. 7 p.m., Friday, March 12. Alliance Hall, Palmer St., Westminster.

COLOUR Documentary Film: "Volga-Don Canal" With talk on "Building Technique in U.S.S.R.," by architect who visited Canal 1953. Wed., Mar. 17, 7.30 p.m. At S.C.R., 14 Kensington Square, W.8. Tickets 2s. 6d., available now. (Send s.a.e., please.)

SOUTH Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Sunday, 11 a.m., Mar. 14. S. K. Ratcliffe, "One Thing is Needful." Adm. free. Chamber Concert 6.30 p.m. 1s. 6d. Handbills on request.

RAMAKRISHNA Vedanta Centre: Swami Ghanananda, Kingsway Hall (Holborn), Thurs., March 18, 7.30: "The Path of Illumination Through Knowledge." All welcome.

INDIAN Institute of Culture London Branch. Public Lecture Friday 8.15, March 19: Dr. Alva Benjamin: "What is Wrong with Present-day Medicine?" 62 Queen's Gardens, Bayswater.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

ISRAEL in the Middle East. Lecture by Mr. R. H. S. Crossman, O.B.E., M.P. Chairman: Sir Robert Boothby, K.B.E., M.P. At Royal Society of Arts, 6 John Adam St., Adelphi, W.C.2, Mar. 22 at 6 p.m. Mems. free: others 1s. 6d. Tkts. from Anglo-Israel Assoc., 13 Mansfield St., W.1.

CENTRAL London Fabian Socy., Wed., Mar. 17, 7.30 p.m. Allan Flanders: "Trade Union Democracy." St. Anne's House, 57 Dean Street, W.1. Visitors 2s.

FILMS and Peace: Conference Film Panel Authors' World Peace Appeal, Sunday, March 14, C. E. A. Hall, 164 Shaftesbury Avenue, W.C.2. 10-5. Doris Lessing, Maurice Goldsmith, Hon. Mrs. Bower. Chairman: Gordon Sandison. Visitors 2s.

THE Case Against German Rearmament. Claude Bourdet, Editor D'Observateur Aujourdhui, George Doughty (A.E.S.D.), Michael Foot, M.P., William Warbey, M.P., Chair., Maurice Orbach, M.P. Tuesday, March 16, Denison House, Vauxhall Bridge Road, S.W.1, 7.30 p.m. Adm. 1s. at door. Union of Democratic Control, 21 Strutton Ground, London, S.W.1.

ADLERIAN Society of Great Britain. "The Neurotic Life-Style": Dr. A. R. Redfern, Friday, March 19, at 7.30 p.m. punctually, Friends House, Euston Road, N.W.1. Non-members 2s.

DR. Jaap Kunst—Illustrated Lecture on the Music of Indonesia. Monday, March 15, 7.30 p.m., at The English Folk Dance and Song Society, Cecil Sharp House, 2 Regents Park Road, N.W.1 GUL. 2206. Admission: Non-Members 2s

THE Linguists' Club, 20 Grosvenor Place, S.W.1. March 20, at 6 p.m. Mr. Roger Devic: "Les Basques."

SUNDAY, March 21, at 8.30 p.m. Wyndham's Theatre, "Brains Trust" with Ivor Brown, Richard Burton, John Clements, Lionel Hale, Kay Hammond, John Maude, Henry Sherek. Tickets from The Central School of Speech & Drama, Royal Albert Hall, S.W.7. KEN. 5803 & Keith Prowse. Tickets 15s. 6d., 13s. 6d. 10s. 6d., 9s., 7s., 6s.

ANGLO-German Association: Brains Trust on German Affairs. Rt. Hon. F. J. Bellenger, M.P., Chairman, Mr. Wilson Harris, Prof. Headlam-Morley, Dr. Abshagen, Miss A. Outhwaite. Thursday, March 18, Caxton Hall, 6.30 p.m.

M. SADOVEANU, Great Rumanian Writer. Talk by Jack Greene. Sunday, March 21, 7.30. 33 Pembridge Sq., W.2 (Notting Hill Gate). Adm. free. Refreshments avail. British Rumanian Friendship Association, 40 Gt. Russell St., W.C.1.

BUDDHIST Society, 16 Gordon Sq., W.C.1. Public Lecture Wed., March 17, 6.30 p.m. "Snakes in Ireland": Mr. M. O'C. Walshe. Read "The Middle Way," the Journal of the Buddhist Society.

ORIGINS of Romantic Love: week-end course, Apr. 9-11, at Braziers, Ipsden, Oxon. Checkendon 221. (Now: Conference; next week: Guitar, Theatre and Painting).

YOGA. Tuesday evenings, 6.30, Caxton Hall, Westminster. Next Tuesday, March 16, Lecture on "The Quest for Reality." Arranged by Shanti Sadan. Adm. free.

"INDIA and Cyprus." Harry Pollitt. Royal Hotel. Mar. 21, 7 p.m. Adm. 6d. London Communist Pty., 75 Farringdon Rd., E.C.1.

LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

UNIVERSITY of London: A course of two lectures on "The Problem of Theoretical and Practical Life in Greek Philosophy" will be given by Professor A. J. Festugière (Ecole Practique des Hautes Etudes, Paris) at 5.30 p.m. on March 18 & 19 at University of London, Senate House, W.C.1. Admission free, without ticket.

THE Anti-Vice Drive: a threat to freedom. Progressive League London public week-end conference, Mar. 20-21, at Denison House, 296 Vauxhall Bridge Rd. (2 mins. Victoria). Programme: Sat. 4 p.m., Prostitution (C. H. Rolph); 7.30 p.m., Homosexuality (Miss Jean Graham Hall, barrister-at-law). Sun 2.30 p.m., "Obscene" Publications (Alec Craig). 6 p.m., Summing up by the Chairman (Robert S. W. Pollard, J.P.). Admission 2s. each lecture at the door. Comprehensive ticket with reserved seat 10s. from Secretary, 20 Buckingham St., W.C.2.

SPANISH Course in San Sebastian, August 2-19. The Hispanic Council, 2 Belgrave Square, S.W.1. SLO. 7180.

LANGUAGE Tuition Centre, School of Foreign Languages and School of English for Foreign Nationals, 63 Oxford St., W.1. Tel. GERrard 8531-2. All Foreign Languages taught in day and evening classes or private lessons; beginners and all grades. Intensive Daily Classes in English and preparation for Cambridge Univ. Certificate. Short or Long Courses. Enrolment daily. Prospectus free.

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LECTURE COURSES, ETC.—continued

THE Probation Services. Professional training for students who intend to enter this work is available through the Home Office. Minimum age 21. Particulars from the Secretary to Probation Advisory and Training Board, Home Office, Whitehall, S.W.1. This advertisement should be mentioned.

DARTINGTON Music School. Director of Music, John Clements, F.R.C.O., provides a full-time general musical education for performers and teachers, with individual tuition in voice and instruments. In being residential the School offers exceptional facilities for chamber music, ensemble playing and choral singing. Scholarships are awarded and may be competed for in May. Prospectus from the Secretary, The Arts Centre, Dartington Hall, Totnes, S. Devon.

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RESEARCH Communications Project: 3rd Social Research Papers available now from Braziers, Ipsden, Oxon.

GOING Abroad this year? The Pelman Languages Institute teaches French, German, Spanish, Italian without the use of English: the method is explained in four little books, one for each language; write for book and specimen lessons, sent gratis, post free. (Reduced fees for H.M. Forces.) Pelman Languages Institute, 67 Norfolk Mansions, Wigmore St., London, W.1.

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OPINION & Market Research. Apr. 9-11 at Braziers, Ipsden, Oxon (Dr. M. Adler).

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EASTER AND SUMMER SCHOOLS

"LABOUR and Public Opinion"; Fabian Easter School, Beatrice Webb House, Dorking, April 15-19, David Butler, Charles Fletcher-Cooke, M.P., Lena Jeger, M.P., William Pickles, Vicky, Michael Young. Details from: 11 Dartmouth St., S.W.1.

WEEK-end Drama Schools, £1 1s. Three Arts Centre, London, W.1. Also Easter & Summer Schools (day or evg.). Director: Marian Naylor. Acting Technique, Stage Movement, Production, Make-up. Syllabus: Mrs. M. Medd, Heathdene, Otford, Kent.

LONDON University Extension Summer School, Wye College, nr. Ashford, Kent. Aug. 7-28, 1954. Courses of Study: Social Studies; Drama; Music; Painting; Architecture; Science and Horticulture; European History; Archæology; Historical Geography; Recent Biblical Researches. Inclusive fee: one week £5, two weeks £9 10s. No course longer than two weeks. Prospectus from the Deputy Director (Ext. 1), Extra-Mural Department, Senate House, London, W.C.1.

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